



*M<sup>r</sup> VANDERMERE in the Character of*  
*Skirmish*  
*in the Defenter*

THE  
C H A R M S  
OF  
M E L O D Y.

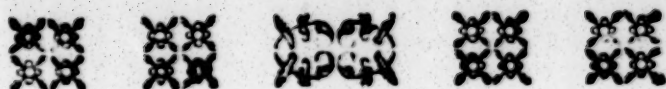
BEING A  
SELECT COLLECTION  
OF THE  
NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED  
HUMOROUS, DRINKING, &  
LOYAL SONGS.

\*\*\* The Editor leaves this SELECT COLLECTION to speak for itself; for in this venal Age, when the ART of PUFFING is reduced into a Science, the justest Character of a Work is generally considered, as merely the Production of some interested Bookseller, or Hireling Scribbler. He must, however, assure his Reader, that numberless Errors, which disgrace some other Collections, are corrected in this; and that it will be found worthy the Perusal of all those, who have a love for Poetry, and are moved by "the Concord of sweet sounds."

D U B L I N:

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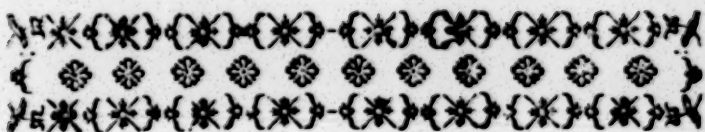
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HUMOROUS, DRINKING,  
AND LOYAL  
S O N G S.

---

S O N G I.

*Sung by Mr. VANDERMERE, in the Character of SKIRMISH,  
in the Desert. (See Frontispiece.)*

**T**HOUGH to have a bout at drinking,  
When I hear the glasses chinking,  
There's nothing but I'd do, or say,  
Yet Skirmish ne'er shall run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end  
He's none of your flatterers, who fawn and are civil,  
But for country, his bottle, his king, or his friend,  
Little Skirmish would go half way to the devil.

S O N G II.

**M**Y Temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,  
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine;  
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,  
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tan.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?  
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;  
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,  
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart ;  
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)  
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,  
And Poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed ;  
While Age, in an extasy, hobbling along,  
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,  
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;  
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,  
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

## S O N G III.

**W**HEN bick'nings hot,  
To high words got,  
Break out at gamiorum ;  
The flame to cool,  
My golden rule  
Is—push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,  
Coifs who can lug ?  
Or shew me that glib speaker,  
Who her red rag  
In gibescan wag,  
With her mouth full of liquor.

## S O N G IV.

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree.  
Which, oh ! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee ;  
As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree ;

Bend to thee

Bless'd Mulberry ;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,  
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky,  
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,  
To root out the natives at prices so dear :

All shall yield, &c.

The

## LOYAL SONGS.

3

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,  
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:  
Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that fight,  
But one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'r's,  
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;  
The Garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd birch  
Supplies Law and Physic, and Grace for the Church;  
But Law and the Gospel in Shakespear we find,  
He gives the best Physic for body and mind.

All shall yield &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;  
From him and his merits this takes its degree:  
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,  
The tree of our Shakespear is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespear outshines the bright day,  
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;  
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;  
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,  
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

## S O N G   V.

**B**ANISH sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys,  
Time flies swiftly, to-morrow brings care;

If you believe it,  
Drinking deceives it,  
Wine will relieve it,  
And drown despair.

The sweets of wine are found in possessing  
Its juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing;  
The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in  
A bumper or two with a cheerful friend.

'Tis wine gives strength when nature's exhausted,  
Heals the sick man, and frees the slave;

Makes

## HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

Makes the stiff stumble  
And the proud humble,  
Exalts the niggard,  
Makes cowards brave. For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover  
Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise;  
She'll cry you'll undo her,  
But be a brisk wooer,  
Attack her, pursue her,  
You'll gain the prize. For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes worldly sorrow,  
Then who'd omit the pleasing task?  
Since wine's sweet society  
Fases anxiety,  
Damn dull sobriety;  
Bring t'other flask. The sweets, &c.

## S O N G V L

**B**Y the gaily-circling glass  
We can see how minutes pass;  
By the hollow cask are told  
How the waning night grows old,  
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day  
Drives us from our sport and play:  
What have we with day to do?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you:  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

## S O N G VII.

*Tune,—The Hounds are all out.*

**C**ontented I am, and contented I'll be,  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,  
And a cellar as sociably stor'd, My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend and improve,  
That cask,—aye, that we will try;  
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,  
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,  
'Twill light us each bottle to hand:  
The foot of my glass for that purpose I broke,  
As I hate that a bumper should stand.

*Alfred*

## LOYAL SONGS.

A fride on a butt, as a butt should be stro'd,  
 I gallop the brushier along ;  
 Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,  
 And a sentiment give, or a song.  
 We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops seem  
 With pearls the moist walls to emboss ;  
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream  
 Like stucco work cut out of moss.  
 When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame shines,  
 Which when moisture is wanting decays ;  
 Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wints,  
 Or else there's an end of my blaze.  
 Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins are well fill'd,  
 View that heap of Old Hock in your rear ;  
 Yon bottles are Burgundy ! mark how they're pil'd,  
 Like artillery, tier over tier.  
 My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,  
 All gloriously rang'd in review ;  
 When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks  
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.  
 Like *Macedon's madman* my glass I'll enjoy,  
 Defying hyp, gravel, or gout ;  
 He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,  
 I'll weep when my liquor is out.  
 On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,  
 When reeling, I roll on the floor ;  
 Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,  
 And dare the best Buck to do more.  
 Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
 No *Hic jacet* be cut on my stone ;  
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And say that His drinking is done,  
My brave boys.

## S O N G    V I I I .

**W**ITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry care,  
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;  
 For life without these, &c.  
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll  
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul ;  
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,  
 I never shall alter my conduct for them ;  
 I care not how much they my measures decline,  
 Let them have their humour, and I will have mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve,  
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;  
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,  
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;  
 Then giving and taking in mutual return,  
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,  
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;  
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lals,  
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

## S O N G IX.

**H**E that will not merry, merry be,  
 With a gen'rous bowl and toast  
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,  
 And fast bound to a post.  
 Let him be merry, merry there,  
 And we'll be merry, merry here :  
 For who can know where we shall go,  
 To be merry another year?

He that will not merry, merry be  
 And take his glass in course,  
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,  
 With ne'er a penny in's purse :  
 Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,  
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys.  
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife  
 To confound him with her noise.  
 Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,  
 With his mistress in his bed ;  
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,  
 And me put in his stead,  
 Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

## S O N G X:

**A**T the sign of the horse, where old Spintext of course,  
Each night took his pipe and his pot,  
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,  
Was plac'd this canonical sot.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,  
With reverence due and submission ;  
First stroak'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,  
And bowing, prefer'd his petition :

I'm come sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,  
Of your reverence's worship and glory,  
To inter a poor baw, with as much speed as may be,  
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray what's the hurry ?  
Why, lord sir, the corpse it does stay ;  
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,  
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, sir, a small child,  
Cannot long delay your intentions ;  
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,  
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and me some, d'ye hear,  
I hate to be call'd from my liquor ;  
Come, Moses, the king ; it's a scandalous thing,  
Such a subject should be but a vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,  
Besides there's a terrible shower ;  
Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,  
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides my dear friend, this lesson attend,  
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,  
That a corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,  
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one,  
Pray, matter look up at the hand ;  
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a felly to press  
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,  
But first cram'd his jaw with a quid ;  
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,  
Then stagger'd away side by side.

When

8 HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

When come to the grave, the clerk he then gave,  
The surplice to wrap round the priest ;  
So droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,  
The parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corps t'other way,  
Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;  
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,  
*A mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn,  
Oh ! man that's born of woman  
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,  
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, pray look, what a confounded book,  
Sure the letters are turned upside down.  
Such a scandalous print, sure the Devil is in't,  
That a blockhead should print for the crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,  
And bury the corps in my stead,  
[Amen, Amen.]

Why, Moses, you're wrong, you fool hold your tongue,  
You've taken the tail for the head :

O where's thy sting, death ! put the corps in the earth,  
For believe me 'tis terrible weather ;  
So the corps was interr'd, without praying a word,  
And away they both stagger'd together.

S O N G XI.

**F**ILL, fill, fill the glafs,  
Briskly put it round ;  
Joyful news at last,  
Let the trumpet sound.  
Join with lofty strains,  
Lovely nymphs, jolly swains,  
Peace and plenty shall again  
With wealth be crown'd.

Come, come, come, sweet peace,  
Thou most welcome guest ;  
Let all discord cease,  
Harmony abound.

S O N G XII.

**J**UPITER wencheth and drinks  
He rules the coast in the sky ;

## LOYAL SONGS.

9

Yet he's a fool if he thinks  
That he's as happy as I.

Juno rates him  
And grates him,  
And leads his highness a weary life,  
I have my lads  
And my glass,  
And stroll a batchelor's merry life.

Let him fluster  
And bluster,  
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbella ;  
To my fair tulips  
I glew lips,  
And clink to the cannikin here below.

Jupiter wenches, &c.

### S O N G XIII.

**C**OME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
To add something new to this wonderful year :  
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;  
For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?  
Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men ;  
We always are ready,  
Steady, boys, steady ;

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;  
They never see us, but they wish us away :  
If they run why we follow, and drive them ashore ;  
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.  
Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
They'll frighten our women, and children and beaux ;  
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Stout Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.  
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them fret,  
In spite of the Devil, and Brussels Gazette :  
Then cheer up my lads, with one voice let us sing  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statemen, and king.  
Heart of oak, &c.

### S O N G XIV.

**'T**WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,  
Where sad despair with famine ever dwells,  
A meagre

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,  
 As home he steered his carcass, that way took :  
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-Loin,  
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :  
 Good father Dominick by chance came by,  
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;  
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,  
 His benediction on it he bestow'd ;  
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,  
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

*Air—Alcey's Lull to a Friar came, &c.*

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by mankind,  
 If I was doom'd to have thee,  
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,  
 And swimming in thy gravy,  
 Not all thy country's force combin'd  
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft times decreed  
 The theme of English ballad ;  
 On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,  
 Unknown to Frenchmans palate :  
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed  
 Soup-maigre, frogs, and salad !

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,  
 Who such a sight before had never seen,  
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,  
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food,  
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,  
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.  
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,  
 And then, in plaintive tones, declar'd his grief

*Air—Foote's Minuet.*

Ah, sacre Dieu, vat do I see yonder,  
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ;  
 Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre ;  
 Oh ! granta me von letel bite.  
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,  
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;  
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,  
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

His fellow guard, of right Hibernian clay,  
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,  
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,  
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.

Soon as the well-known prospect he descri'd,  
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd

*Air—Ellen a Roun.*

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,  
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,

So taking thy sight is,

My joy, that so light is,

To view thee, by pullfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing:

Ah, hard-hearted Loui,

Why did I come to you?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from starving.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,  
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;  
But when old England's Bulwark he espy'd,  
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside;  
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,  
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

*Air—The Broom of Cowdenknock.*

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah! Charley hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n

Ere I had gang'd wi'thee.

O the beef, &c.

But, see! my Muse to England takes her flight,  
Where Health and Plenty socially unite;  
Where smiling Freedom guards great George's throne,  
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.  
Though Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,  
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,  
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,  
He boasted the size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,

And O the Old English roast beef.

Then

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,  
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,  
Cry'd "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."  
O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,  
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,  
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.  
O the roast beef &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,  
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur;  
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.  
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able  
To see the Sir-Loin smoking hot on our table,  
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the fable.  
O the roast beef of old England  
And O the Old English roast beef!

## SONG XV.

YE mortals, whom cares and troubles perplex,  
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;  
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;  
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;  
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;  
The rake shall forget that last night he was cloy'd,  
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,  
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one d-aught may forget all her wants,  
Or drench her son & fool to forget her gallants;  
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,  
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;  
Drink deep of the stream, &c.

## SONG XVI.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,  
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;

Sound

Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,  
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:  
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,  
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain:  
 Sipping quenches all our fire,  
 Bumpers light it up again.  
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure.  
 Enter jollity and joy;  
 We for thinking have no leisure,  
 Manly mirth is our employ:  
 Since in life there's nothing certain,  
 We'll the present hour engage;  
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,  
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

S O N G   XVII.

**S**EE! see! the full bowl,  
 'Tis the world, 'tis the world, 'tis the world of my soul  
 The punch is the ocean, and the sides are the coast,  
 And the ship, ship, ship, and the ship the brown toast.  
 Then let's have one round,  
 Till the bottom be found,  
 And our ship run a-ground.  
 How mighty are we,  
 That can drink up the sea?  
 Let a new deluge flow,  
 And we'll drink, drink, drink, and we'll drink it also.

S O N G   XVIII.

**O**NCE in our lives  
 Let us drink to our wives,  
 Tho' their number be but small;  
 Heaven take the best,  
 And the devil take the rest,  
 So we shall get rid of them all.  
 To this hearty with  
 Let each man take his dish,  
 And drink, drink till he fall.

S O N G   XIX.

ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.  
 (By G. A. STEVENS)

*To its own Tune.*

**O**NCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;

C

Merry

Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,  
Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,  
While Nature disorderly lay,  
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,  
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the Humourist droll'd,  
So none cou'd his jokes disapprove ;  
He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told;  
And at last thus began upon Jove :

Sire.—Mark how yon Matter is heaving below,  
Were it settled 'twould please all your court ;  
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie uselefs, you know ;  
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,  
At his Fiat creation took birth ;  
The cloud-keeping Deity smil'd on his throne,  
Then announc'd the production was Earth.

To honour their Sov'reign each God gave a boon ;  
Apollo presented it Light ;  
The Goddess of Child-bed dispatch'd us a Moon,  
To silver the shadow of night.

The Queen of Soft-wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,  
Leer'd wanton on her man of war ;  
Saying, as to these Earth folks I'll give them a guide  
So she sparkled the morn and eve Star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung,  
In ellipses each planet advanc'd,  
The Tune of the Spheres the Nine Sisters sung,  
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself cou'd not insensible stand,  
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,  
The Expounder of Fate grasp'd the Globe in his hand,  
And laugh'd at those Mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into Space it was hurl'd,  
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,  
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the World,  
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,  
Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains ;  
The self-balan'd orb in an atmosphere bound,  
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With

With silver, gold, jewels, the India endow'd  
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,  
 What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,  
 And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wife,  
 Ineffably smil'd on the spot;  
 My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,  
 But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness Freedom's destruction may bring,  
 Unless Prudence prepares its defence;  
 The Goddess of Sapience bid Iris take wing,  
 And on Britons bestow'd Common-Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,  
 As guardians to cherish the root;  
 The blossoms of Liberty gaily 'gan smile,  
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred by a bounty so rare,  
 Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas given;  
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,  
 And return it untainted to Heav'n.

S O N G    XX.  
 O R I G I N   of   F A C T I O N .

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*I am, quoth Apollo, when Daphne, &c.*

**I**N hist'ries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,  
 The salt-water Sov'reign is call'd OCEANUS;  
 His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,  
 Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were nurses; old Trident declar'd,  
 To embellish his offspring no pains shou'd be spar'd:  
 By flying fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,  
 And petition'd the Gods, that his suit they'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it *King* of the *Sea*:  
 Avast! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:  
 I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads *Seamen*.  
 Strong Hercules halloo'd out, I'll make 'em *Freemen*.

And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars?  
 Why I'll make all soldiers, that *Nep.* don't make *Tars*.  
 Momus smil'd, as that droll always merrily means;  
 He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Marines*.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking;  
 Back Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:

C 2

But

But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your wine,  
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes you're bit ;  
'Gainst gaming I'll send 'em an antidote,—Wit :  
In England, laugh'd Momus, Wit no one regards  
Save that sort of wit that's in—playing your cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions,  
I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send them Physicians.  
'Mong fiddlers, quoth Momus, *true Harmony's scarce* ;  
And as to your Doctorship,—*Physick's a Farce*.

Says Venus I'll people this Island with beauties,  
And tempt married men to be true to their duties —  
You to married men's duty a friend ' bawl'd out Juno.  
You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know and you know.

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began,—  
I'll spoil your olympical gift-giving plan :  
Herself not consulted, she vow'd she wou'd wrong us,  
Blew a scold from her mouth, and sent *Party* among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,  
Commanded Silenus to seize upon *Faction* ;  
Swift flitted the Fiend, the old Toper outpied,  
Whilst Serenë's son sent a flask at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground ;  
May Wine thus for ever foul *Faction* confound :  
*Unanimity* ! that, that's the Toast of our Hearts,  
'Thoug' no Party-men here, *Here's to all Men of Parts*.

## S O N G    XXI.

## T H E    W O R M S .

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, *When Strephon to Chloë made love his pretence.*

**K**EEP your distance, quoth king, who in lead coffin lay,  
As beside him they lower'd a shroudless old clay ;  
The mendicant carcase replied with a sneer,  
" Master monarch ! be still, we are all equal here.

Life's miseries long I was forc'd to abide,  
By the seasons fore pelted, fore pelted by pride ;  
And tho' clad in ermine yet you've been distrust,  
Both our cares now are over,—so let us both rest."

A committee of worms, Manor Lords of the Grave,  
Overheard 'em, and wonder'd to hear the dead rave ;

Quoth.

Quoth the chairman,—Dare mortals presume thus to prate,  
When even we maggots don't think ourselves great?

Infane ostentations, who brag of their births,  
Yet are but machines mixt of aggregate earths:  
They distinctions demand, with distinctions they meet,  
When we throw by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

They are scurvy compounds of debauch and disease,  
Putrefactions of sloth, or vice run to the lees.  
By luxury's pestilence health is laid waste:  
And all they can boast is,—They're poison'd in taste.

'Tis true, cries *Crawling*, the queen of the worms,  
They make upon earth immense noise with their forms,  
*Pon onner*, with beauties tho' so much I deal,  
On not one in ten can I make a good meal.

When we chose to regale, on the dainties of charms,  
We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms;  
Now varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,  
A fine woman's features spread fatal infections.

Not a worm of good taste, and *ban tan*, I dare vouch,  
A morsel of fashion-made beauties will touch.  
A quality toast we imported last week.—  
Two maggots, my servants, dy'd eating her cheek."

Very odd, quoth a critic, worms hold such discourse.  
Very odd, quoth the author, that men should talk worse.  
Like reptiles we crawl upon earth for a term,  
Take wing for a while,—then descend to a worm.

*Dan Ppe* declares all human race to be worms;  
Maids, Misses, Wives, Widows, all magotty forms.  
But of worms, and worm-feeding, no more we'll repeat,  
Here's a glass, *To the dainty that's made for man's meat*.

## S O N G XXII.

## N U N C I A T B I B E N D U M.

(By G. A. STEVENS)

Tune,—*Maggie Lauder*.

**N**OW we're free from College rules,  
From common-place-book reason,  
From trifling syllogistic schools,  
And systems out of season;  
Never more we'll have defin'd,  
If matter thinks or thinks not;  
All the matter we shall mind,  
Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysic'sly to trace,  
 The mind, or soul abstracted ;  
 Or prove infinity of space,  
 By cause on cause effected ;  
 Better souls we can't become  
 By immaterial thinking ;  
 And as to space, we want no room,  
 But room enough to drink in.

*Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,*  
 Are learned words, and rare too,—  
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,  
 And those who please may hear too.—  
 A plenum in our wine we show,  
 With plus, and plus behind, fir,  
 And when our cash is minus, low,  
 A vacuum soon we find, fir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,  
 Danc Tycho's error proving,  
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—  
 The earth round Sol is moving  
 But which goes round, what's that to us?  
 Each is, perhaps, a notion ;  
 With earth and sun we make no fuss,  
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd,  
 By superstition's fury ;  
 Antipodeans were abus'd  
 By ignoramus jury ;  
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,  
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;  
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,  
 We're tumbling, toply turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,  
 And different colours knew, fir:  
 Don't let us disturb our head,—  
 We will but study two, fir.  
 White and Red our glasses boast,  
 Reflection, and Refraction ;  
 After him we name our toast,—  
 " The Center of Attraction."

On that Thesis we'll declaim,  
 With *stratum, super stratum* ;  
 There's mighty magic in the name,  
 'Tis nature's *Potulatum*.

Wine,

# LOYAL SONGS.

15

Wine, in nature's next to love ;  
Then wisely let us blend 'em ;  
First, though, physically prove,  
That *Nunc, nunc est bibendum.*

## S O N G XXIII.

### The MARINE MEDLEY.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

First tune,—*Come and listen to my Ditty.*

**N**OW safe moor'd with bowl before us,  
Moss-mates heave a hand with me,  
Lend a Brother Sailor Chorus,  
While he sings our lives at sea :  
O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,  
Toss'd aloft or tumbled low,  
As to fear 'tis all a notion,  
When our time's come, we must go.

Tune;—*Life is chequer'd.*

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling  
By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,  
Down top-gallants, down behauling,  
Down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand,  
Now set the braces,  
Don't make wry faces,  
But let the lee top-sail sheets let go,  
Starboard here,  
Larboard there,  
Turn your quid,  
Take a swear,  
Yo! yo! yo!

*First Tune again.*

Oh, ye landmen, idly living  
All along-side Beauty's charms,  
Safe in soft beds, seas defying,  
Free from all but Love's alarms.  
While on billows, billows rolling,  
Death appears in every form,  
On no ladies laps we're tolling,  
No kind kiss can calm the storm.  
But loud peals, on peals are clashing,  
Through rift rocks, the shrill wind shrieks ;  
In our eyes fierce lightnings flashing,  
Scorch the sails, and fletcher the decks.

Burlesque

Bursting clouds upon us pouring,  
 Black o'erspread the face of day,  
 Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,  
 Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High the tossing tempest heaves us,  
 Tow'rd's the pole aloft we go,  
 While the clouds seem to receive us,  
 Dreadful yawns the gulph below.  
 In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,  
 Down we sink from sight of sky,  
 By the swell, as instant up thrown,  
 Hark ! what means yon dismal cry !

The fore-mast's gone, yells some sad tongue out  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—  
 A leak beneath the chestree's sprung, out  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
 Quick the lannyard's cut in pieces,  
 Come my hearts, be stout and bold,  
 Plumb the well, the leak encreases—  
 Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing  
 Warring waves around us foam,  
 For the worst, while we're preparing,  
 Nature sinks, and sighs for home.  
 There, our babes, perhaps are saying,  
 In their little lisping strain,  
 As round mother's knees they're playing,  
 Daddy will soon come again.

*Tune,—Early one morn, a jolly young Tar.*

If we must die, why die we must,  
 'Tis a birth in which all must belay mun.  
 When our debt's due, for Death won't trust,  
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun.  
 As to Life's striking its flag never fear,  
 Our cruise is out, that's all my brother.  
 In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no fear  
 So let's ship ourselves now for another.

*Tune the first again.*

Overboard the guns be throwing.  
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand,  
 See her mizen mast is going.  
 On the lee beam lies the land,

Rising rocks appear before us,  
 Hopeless, yet for help we call,  
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,  
 To the storm's fell power we fall.

Now Dismay, with aspect horrid,  
 Swells each sleepless eye with tears;  
 And Despair, with bristly forehead,  
 On each bloodless face appears,  
 Sadly still we wait the wave! —  
 Th' overwhelming wave rolls mountain high;  
 The swell comes on, our sea-green grave, —  
 Hark, what means yon happy cry!

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;  
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,  
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off those.  
 Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,  
 We'll again lead sailors' lives;  
 Come, the cann boys let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.

S O N G XXIV.  
 T H E D R E A M.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

**B**Y a whirlwind methought I through Æther was hurld,  
 Electric 'mong Spirits of Air,  
 Upborne by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,  
 And odd exhibitions spy'd there.

England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown,  
 In procession round Liberty Hall;  
 Faction seiz'd her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd down,  
 And Folly broad grinn'd at her fall.

In weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair,  
 Two figures are veering about;  
 So pageants we saw, and we smil'd at their glare,  
 As they turn'd, with the times, in and out.

The Methodists, mask'd with Hypocrisy's face,  
 Anathemas thunder'd aloud;  
 So Jack Puddings joke, with distorted grimace,  
 Benetting their Gudgeons,—the crowd.

Wit and Humour were there, drove from Dignity's door,  
That Stupidity's coach might have room;  
Debauch we saw open Temptation's base store,  
And Disease taint Simplicity's bloom.

Stubborn Will against Prudence was waging a fight,  
While Desire oppos'd Duty strong;  
The Passions confess'd Reason's dictates were right,  
Though themselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

A wonderful troop towards Westminster bore;  
What wonders there are 'mong mankind?  
In gilt chariots Lawyers paraded before,  
On foot Justice follow'd behind.

Church Preferments we saw—but respect shall withstand  
The abuse that's pour'd forth on the cloth;  
Stock Jobbers and Statesmen we saw hand in hand,  
And Pride stood at par between both.

Cent per Cent had lain siege to Integrity's head,  
And Beauty was battering his heart;  
East India Success struck Humility dead,  
And Title took Vanity's part.

Crafty Care and pale Usury, two sleepless hags,  
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet united with toil;  
Their heir Dissipation we saw at their bags,  
With Flattery sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of trade,—but no longer I'll dwell,  
On either the mighty or mean;  
From an Emperor's court to a penitent's cell,  
Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a Farce in a Fair,  
Where shew, noise, and nonsense misrule,  
Where tinsel paradiſings, make Ignorance stare,  
Where he who acts best is the Fool.

## S O N G XXV.

## T R U E B L U E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune—To all ye Ladies now at Lord.*

**T**HE cards were sent, the Muses came,  
'Twas Ceres gave the feast  
To Juno, Jove's majestic dame,  
Fair Hebe hail'd each guest.

With

With Phœbus, Bacchus, wit and wine,  
Like man and wife, thou'd social shine.

With a fall la, la.

Th' Olympic Dance, Minerva wife,  
With graceful steps mov'd round;  
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,  
Her sapient temples crown'd;  
That girdle loosen'd, falling down,  
Buck Bacchus caught the azure Zone.  
Upon his breast the Ribbon plac'd,  
By Styx, avow'd the youth,  
What had the Throne of Wisdom grac'd,  
Shou'd grace the Seat of Truth:  
His robe he instant open threw,  
And on his bosom beam'd *True Blue*.

"Kings, taught by me, shall Garters give,  
In Installations show;  
What Subjects merits should receive,  
Their Monarchs thou'd bestow.  
This Symbol, lov'd Celestials, view,  
And stamp your Sanctions on *True Blue*."

The rosy God, Urania prais'd;  
The tuneful sisters join,  
The Sov'reign of the sky was pleas'd  
To constellate the Sign.  
Along the Clouds, loud Pæans flew,  
Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True Blue*.

This order Iris bore to each,  
Minerva charg'd the fair,  
Where first the found out Sons of worth,  
To leave the Ribbon there.  
From clime to clime the searching flew,  
And in HIBERNIA left *True Blue*.

S O N G XXVI

A P A S T O R A L

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Despairing beside a clear stream.*

**B**Y the side of a green stagnate pool,  
Brick-dust Nan the fat scratching her head,  
Black matted locks frizzled her skull,  
As bristles the hedge-hog bespread;

The

The wind tofs'd her tatters abroad,  
 Her athy bronz'd-beauties reveal'd;  
 A link boy to her, through the mud,  
 Bare-footed, flew over the field.

As vermin on vermin delight,  
 As carrion best suits the crow's taste,  
 So beggars and bunters unite,  
 And swine-like on dirt make a feast:  
 To a Hottentot offals have charms,  
 With garbage their bosoms they deck;  
 She sluttishly open'd her arms,  
 He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,  
 No towels those breasts ever teaze,  
 T'other fist grip'd her stays-wanting waist,  
 Like ladies, she dress'd for her ease:  
 Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore,  
 Then his lower lip, charg'd to the brim,  
 He scoul'd, like a lewd grunting boar,  
 And squinting, the leer'd upon him.

"Oh, my love, thof I cannot well jaw,"  
 This plyer at play-house began,  
 "Nor tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,  
 As to kifs is the lips of my Nan:"  
*O' my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,*  
*And gave him some rib-squeezing hugs,*  
*In a dust-hole I'll cuddle with thee,*  
*Aye, blast me! though bit by the bugs.*

Full as black as themselves, now the sky  
 To the south of the hemisphere lour'd  
 To finish love's feast in the dry,  
 To a stable they hastily scour'd;  
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,  
 And cobwebs their canopy grace,  
 Undaunted on litter they snor'd,  
 Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

S O N G XXVII.  
 TIME'S DEFEAT.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Cupid sent on an Errand, &c.*

ONE evening, Good Humour, took Wit as his guest,  
 By Friendship invited to Gratitude's feast;  
 Their liquor was claret, and Love was their host,  
 Laugh, song, and droll sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

While Freedom and Fancy enlarg'd the design,  
And dainties were furnish'd by Love, Wit, and Wine,  
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,  
A watchman hoarse bawling, 'Twas *past Twelve o'Clock*.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,  
And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound;  
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd  
To see 'twas the Grey-pluton *Time* they had found.

His glass was his lantern, his scythe was his pole,  
And his single lock dang'rous as a town his smooth scott;  
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock,  
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis *past Twelve o'Clock*.

Says the venom-tooth'd Savage, on this service he,  
Tho' Nature strikes twelve, Folly still points to her;  
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,  
So hurry'd him into a holyland of claret.

Wit object'd it was right, while we're set in our prime,  
There's nothing like Claret for killing of Time;  
Love, laughing reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,  
He can't come and put us in mind we must part.

This intruder, rude Time, tho' a tyrant long known,  
By Love, Wit and Wine can be only o'erthrown;  
If he after he's wanted on any occasion,  
He'll always be found in a hoghouse of wine.

Since Time is consaid to our wine, let us think  
By this rule we are free of our Time when we drink;  
Moreover, let our glasses with buttocks be prim'd,  
We're certain our drinking must now be *well-tim'd*.

## SONG XXVIII.

## THE JOLLY SOUL.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune, — *I'm a Soldier, &c.*

COME Liberty, damme, boys, but we'll be free,  
Tho' Cue kill'd a cat, what care I?  
I'll hold fix to you, only fix dene to me,  
Like a Soul I have liv'd, and I'll dye,

My Leave boys.

They sent me to college, I didn't mind that,  
To teach me to preach and to pray;  
I wouldn't be humm'd, I saw what they were at,  
So my eye upon all they can say.

As to pulpit palaver, why that's all a sham,

No priestcraft shall e'er do for me.

I will, or I won't, a free agent I am,

And I'll only believe what I see.

May lovers of claret, ay, claret's the thing,

To drink it without any tax;

I don't mind the bother 'bout subject and king,

But custom free that's all I am.

If clergy, and commons, and lords will but join,

Our national debts to pay off,

And let us free gratis have women and wine,

Why then we may do well enough.

In half-pints the Parli'ment-house then I'll toast,

And GEORGE too, upon my bare knee;

I don't care which side, or if none rule the coast,

So I've but my fun and am free.

But now they're sad times, for our freedom is gone,

Since we to burnbailiffs submit;

Eil o' Rights! damn all bills, for the nation's undone

By that General Warrant, a Vail.

We must be made slaves if they don't put a stop

To lawyers, the justice, and all;

For if in Old England we don't keep it up,

Why then, to be sure, it must fall.

When I dye—but that's queer—and to think on't is dull,

So as to *this here*, or *that there*;

Let me go where I will, if my bottle is full,

And I get but a girl, I don't care.

If Master Death thrusts himself into my vein,

They tell me, he always makes free,

I'll try if I can't tip *old Boney* a hun,

If not, why, may-hap he hums me.

As I told you before, I'm resolv'd not to think,

So I cannot a sentiment give,

However, my Soul, while we live let us drink,

Because while we're drinking we live,

My brave boys.

SONG

SONG XXIX.  
TO DRINK.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*Gusford Stile.*

WHEN Prudence declaims how time passes,  
Could we tempt Mr. Chronos to stay,  
While we're bump'ring a round of our lasses,  
We would wait upon all he could say.

But is it worth while  
Through books to toil,  
In troubling our heads how to think?  
Thought ne'er was design'd  
To puzzle the mind,  
Let us only mind how we drink.

There was Solomon, one of the wise kings,  
When past it, began to complain:  
He affected at last to despise things  
Because his was labour in vain;

But used to say,  
There's time to play,  
To labour, to love, and to think;  
Let those in their prime  
Remember the time,  
At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on Reflection, be jolly,  
Dispassionate Cynics despise,  
Did you once know the raptures of folly,  
You never would wish to be wise.

I scorn the plans  
Sobriety fears,  
From bumpers I never will shrink;  
By the busy in trade,  
Be cent. per cent. made,  
'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.

SONG XXX.  
BARTLEME FAIR.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Air.—*Tune, Stephen he went faster day to the Wake.*

WHILE gentlefolk sit in their silver and tattins,  
We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and patters.

D 2

A 3

As merrily Old English ballads can sing—o,  
As they at their opperores outlandish ling—o,  
Calling out, bravo, encoro, and caro,  
Tho't I will sing nothing but Bartleme Fair—o.

Here first of all, crouds against other crouds driving,  
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving,  
Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and shrieking,  
Fife, trampets, drums, bag-pipes, and barrow-girls squeaking,  
My race round and round, here's choice of fine ware—o,  
Tho' all is not found sold at Bartleme Fair—o.

Here are dolls, hornpipe dancing, and shewing of postures;  
Plum-porridge, black-puddings, and op'ning of oysters;  
The tap-bodie guests swearing, and gally folks squawling,  
With salt-boxes, solos, and mouth-pieces bawling;  
Pimps, pick-pockets, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,  
Bawds, baileys, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylor.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gunpowder-plot, Sir,  
Wild Beasts all alive, and pease-porridge hot, Sir;  
Fine sausages fry'd, and the Black on the wire;  
The whole court of France, and nice pig on the fire,  
The ups-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the chain—o,  
There are more ups and downs than at Bartleme Fair—o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,  
The chaise without horses, and Queen of Hungary;  
The merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come who rides;  
Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides;  
The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,  
And some men, as scholars are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay things;  
Our passion, like children, are tempted by play-things;  
By sound and by show, by trash and by trumpery,  
The mists of fashion, and Frenchified camperry.  
We are not rich, but rather wretched than gay—o,  
And that's the better telling of Bartleme Fair—o.

## S O N G XXXI.

## T H E T O P E R.

(TO A STIVER.)

[By—Stiver.]

**Y**Eads of time for it, may come up to Claret,  
Refracted from the trouble of thinking;  
A fool long ago said, we nothing could know—  
The show knew by long of thinking.

To pore o'er Plato,  
 Or prattle with Cato,  
 Dispassionate, dance, sing, & make us;  
 But men now more alive,  
 Self-denial despise,  
 And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big wig'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach;  
 And solemnly up the stair-places,  
 Gravely smelt to his cane, apply finger to vein,  
 And count the repeats with grimaces.  
 As he holds per in hand,  
 Life and Death's at a stand,  
 A toss up which party will take us;  
 Away with his cane,  
 No prescription we want,  
 But the nourishing nostrums of Bacchus.

We joyfully join in the praise of Wine,  
 While misers' midd'lington are fuming;  
 While fathers are screaming, and lovers are mourning,  
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.  
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime,  
 Toss a bottle to Time,  
 He'll not make such haste to overtake us,  
 His threats we prevent,  
 And his cracks we cement,  
 By the mystical Balm of Bacchus.

What work there is made, by the newspaper trade,  
 Of the man and t'other man's station;  
 The Ins are all bid, and the Outs are all mad,  
 In and Out is the cry of the nation.  
 The public pattern,  
 Which both parties chatter,  
 From bargaining freely shall shake us,  
 With hand-pints in hand,  
 Independent we stand,  
 To demand Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motion well tim'd, you're chang'd and you're prim'd  
 Have a care—light and dark, and make ready—  
 Right hand to glass join—at lips tell the wine—  
 But be in your exercise leary.  
 Our levels we build,  
 When our women we tell,  
 May graciously they undertake us;  
 No more we desire,  
 So drink and give fire,  
 And volley to Beauty and Bacchus.

S O N G    XXXII.  
H E R E    G O E S.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Air,—To sigh or complain.*

COME, care-curing Mith,  
From Wit's bower forth,  
Bring Humour, your brother, along,  
Hospitality's here,  
And Harmony near,  
To chorus droll Sentiment's song.  
In Comedy trim,  
Joke, Gesture, and Whim,  
With Tics will keep up the ball;  
By order of Taste  
We open the feast  
Of Friendship in Liberty-hall.  
Who'll President be?  
Unanimity, see  
He's order'd to sit as our host;  
My Lord Common Sense,  
With pains and expence,  
Introduc'd him to give out the toast.  
Tho' Scandal we hate,  
Only Good we hold great,  
Nor any for Title's-sake praise;  
Unworthy's that name,  
No Merit can claim  
But what Genealogies raise.  
In this Anno Dom. we  
Would Felicity see,  
I'll demonstrate how easy we cou'd:  
Change fault-finding elves,  
To mending ourselves,  
Then things might soon be as they shou'd.  
Some Wives read their mates  
Certain Lectures debates,  
And wonder they're not understood,  
The Husband's perplex'd,  
And the Lady would,  
'Cause every thing's not as it shou'd.  
In Pension, or Place,  
Let's gift of His Grace,

Refusal would be over-nice,  
 Plumb-pudding on board,  
 And press'd by my Lord,  
 Who should not come in for a slice?

Corruption's the cry,  
 Opposition runs high,  
 Yet we can keep laughing to see,  
 Tho' Faction's so big,  
 Ambo Tory and Whig,  
 In one part both Parties agree.

For the Kingdom of Man,  
 Division's the plan.  
 By the laws of the Cyprian Court,  
 The Ladies must yield,  
 When our Standard we wield,  
 And what we advance they support.

For a Bumper I call,—  
 Here's the Sov'reign of Ail,  
 The Spring from which all honour flows,  
 From thence we all came,  
 So we go to that fame.  
 Here's to it, and to it, Here goes.

## SONG XXXIII.

## THE QUESTION.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*To please me the more, and to change the dull scene.*  
**S**UPPOSE Twelve has struck, wherefore pray all this fuss?  
 Next time 'twill strike less, what are Hours to us?  
 Let the Sun rule the day, and the Moon mark the night;  
 Without Rules, or Schools, sure we know when we're right.  
 The Inference from hence which I draw, our first drink,  
 A Bumper's the best preparation to think,  
 Infer, nay affirm, and with me you must join,  
 Life's not Love without Love, Love's not Love without Wine.  
 This Truth I'll maintain, thus maintaining my post,  
 And give in this bumper a Truth for my toast.—  
 I'm sure to be pledg'd by each Lais-loving Youth,  
 Here's a Brother, my Bucks, to the fam'd naked Truth.  
 At first we are into this world pull'd and tear'd;  
 At our getting, Zappa and Mamma may be pleas'd;  
 But as to us Boves, Nature's Multiplication,  
 Begot for diversion, we're born in venation.

We are Fools in green youth, mankind's pre into Knaves,  
 Grey hairs turn to money, or to useless slaves;  
 To our burial from both, pale objects of Fear,  
 Keep the door shut, and don't let that Scrub slip in here.

Let Ill will haunt us, Ill poverty bawl,  
 Vain-zeal the cry join, we join laugh 'gainst them all.  
 Self-denial may sermonize, Temperance tease,  
 We live as we like—let them live as they please.

Our Voyage is Pleasure, Hope hoist up the Sail,  
 Our Pilot is Instinct, Desire the Gale;  
 To Beauty we're bound, with Bacchus on board,  
 Our Guns by Love loaded, Enjoyment's the Word.

## S O N G XXXIV.

A N E W R O A S T B E E F  
T O T H E O L D T U N E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

**N**OW Old England's Flag is Commander in Chief,  
 With Menhir our Monarch turn'd o'er a new leaf,  
 Down, down with French Dishes, up, up with Roast Beef,  
*O the Roast Beef, &c.*

In Flat-bellies, silly, those schemers were coasting,  
 They threaten'd Invasion, but spite of their boasting,  
 No Kib of Roast Beef had they; but a Rib roasting.

While good English Beef, and good English Brown Beer,  
 Please our tastes, and each day on our tables appear,  
 What more can we hope for, or what can we fear?

The Spaniards once drove, by the strength of their Guns,  
 To make us keep Lent, and to turn our Girls Nuns,  
 But we still roast our Beef, for we killed the Lions.

At Minorca indeed, tho' I speak it with grief,  
 Our Garrison faint'd for want of relief,  
 They grew out of Hopes as they grew out of Beef.

But at Minden, well fed, why we there held about,  
 Right and Left, Van and Rear, Foot and Horse, put to rout;  
 They wou'd be in our Beef—but, alas! they were out.

To plunder our Cupboards, France sent the *Bred Fleet*,  
 We a belly-full gave them without any meat;  
 They then sold their Plates 'cause they'd nothing to eat.

We

We came, saw, and conquer'd, the French Isles drop,  
 Louisbourg, Montreal, Martinique, Guadaloupe,  
 Their towns we tott'ld up, just as they swallow Soup.  
 By the strength of our beef we our bulwarks maintain,  
 As Liberty's still born, and Lords of the main,  
 And those deeds are witness'd by France and by Spain.  
 All Knights, by their title, in Heraldry shine,  
 Nay, Writers Romantic have illud some divine,  
 But what are their Sins to Old England's *Sin-Lins*.  
 Let us honour this Dish, 'tis in dignity chief,  
 For manna will give it the nobler relief.  
 Here's LIBERTY,—LOYALTY,—and ROAST BEEF.

*Give Roast Beef, &c.*

## S O N G XXXV.

## NOT AS IT SHOU'D BE.

(By G. A. STEVENS)

Tune,—*If'er I living.*

**A** Coxcomb once said  
 He had Bet's maidenhead,  
 But 'twas false, as I told Mr. Wou'd-be:  
 His Doctor declar'd,  
 Impotency debarr'd,  
 The Fribble was not as he shou'd be.

As Beauty is us'd,  
 So Britannia's abus'd,  
 How many loud coffee-house praters  
 Will boast of the weight  
 Which they have in the State,  
 And *wou'd be* the Nation's Dictators.

Such creatures pretend  
 They can England befriend,  
 So attract or distract all about them;  
 That, *per omnes*, they know  
*How, when, what, and all*,  
 And the Ministry can't do without them.

When Candidates how,  
 Patriotic they vow  
 To honour, esteem, and adore us;  
 But chide, they change soon,  
 They are taught the Court Tune,  
 And chant in Majority's chorus.

Reproach,

Reproach, if you please,  
 May impertinent tease,  
 Remembrance attempt to awaken,  
 But th' answer is this,  
 I thought things amiss,  
 I really, my friend, was mistaken.  
 His market is made,  
 We all live by trade,  
 So buy or sell, Sirs—choose you whether,  
 Rich and poor 'tis the same,  
 Chance-aided's the game,  
 A job! a bad job altogether!  
 Our animal stuff  
 Is not made of bomb proof,  
 When Temptation's artillery attack:  
 As the Batt'ons begin,  
 We're betray'd from within,  
 The flesh over spirit prevail.  
 Corruption!—that's hard—  
 But, from birth to church yard,  
 What are we? but rotting, along.  
 Folly moulders our clay,  
 Each Vice has its day,  
 But—good-night—for I've done with my song.

## S O N G XXXVI.

## BEAUTY AND WINE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune—Attend all ye Fair, I'll tell you the Art.*

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began  
 To prepare for her face-making duty,  
 Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan  
 Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.  
 A bottle young Semple held up to view,  
 And beg'd she'd observe his direction—  
 The Burgundy, dear Cytherea, will do,  
 'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.  
 Too polite to refuse him, the hamper she tips,  
 On his knees, the Buck beg'd she'd encore;  
 The joy-giving Godlets, with wine-moisten'd lips,  
 Declin'd she would Hob Nob once more.

Out

Cheer of window each with, paste, and powder she hurl'd,  
And the God of the Grape vow'd to join;  
Shook hands friend and feild, then bid Fame tell the world,  
The Union of Beauty and Wine.

S O N G XXXVII.

THE SENTIMENT SONG.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Sing, I beseech you, To all.*

**D**INNER o'c, and Grace bless, 'till I'm all I prepare,  
Arrang'd right and left, as is right at the chair,  
We'll chorus our long as the evening grows pale,  
And mingle our bumpers as usual of yore.

*Sing, Tasterarara To all.*

To your line, my convivial, the Bagnard list,  
May we never want a brace you put to rest—  
Here's what Tasterarara, and what Tasterarara like best:  
What's that?—you may as well, why Tasterarara best!

Ye fowlers, who eager at mattedge are,  
Don't mark the mam'ls, over, but mind better game;  
'Tis Beauty's first to repay sportsman's trouble,  
And then come the fowls, and the fowls in the snare.

To Game we go, and Game Laws we will keep,—  
Here's *Game Laws*, and the *Game Laws* are full of  
But never may *Game Laws* be put to rest,  
Nor we suffer *Game Laws* to be put to rest.

As the Indians are warring, on Game we must fight,  
On our battle, as we live, we will fight thro' a fight—  
Here's the *Game Laws*, and the *Game Laws* are full of  
Here's the *Game Laws*, and the *Game Laws* are full of.

Altho' natural Gluttons call but to eat,  
They purchase a pleasure at each Tasterarara's seat,  
For'st that calls a pleasure unknown, made dither—  
Here's the *Game Laws*, and the *Game Laws* are full of.

Fair befall ev'ry Lass, fair may fine Ladies fall,  
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all—  
The black, the brunette, and the yellow lock'd Dame—  
The *Lock* of all *Locks*, and the *Lock* of the same.

More upright fore-knowledge that Lock is commanding,  
Than all other Locks, aye, or *Locks*' understanding:

That

That Lock has the *Casket of Cupid* within it,  
So—Here's to the Key, Lads,—*the Critical Minute*.

Lads, pour out Libations from Bottle and Bowl,  
*The Mother of All Saints* is drunk by *All Saints*—  
Here's the *Dearest Bed of Beauty* which upraile Man,  
And beneath the *Thatched House* the *miraculous Can*.

The *Dock-Yard* which purrifies *Great-Britain's Fleet*,  
The *Bookbinders' Works*, manufacturing in Sheet,  
The *Brown Female-Seaper*, who dares undertake her,  
And the *Wife of Will Wattle*—*The neat Baker's maker*.

Here's *Bathsheba's Ciel* hit where *David* fled Contry;  
*Eve's Cullin-bush*, where *Adam* made the first Entry;  
The pleasant place'd *Water-fall* 'midst *Baby Park*;  
The *Nick* makes the *Tail* stand, the *Parvise's Wife's Mark*.

That the *Hungry* be *solid* and *rich* Things let us say;  
And well plac'd the *Rich* be—*but empty* away—  
The *Miller's Wife's* *Misic*,—the *Leys* that *Land*-like,—  
And *Fence* of the *Farmer* on *Top of Love's Dike*.

But why from this round-about phrase mull be guess'd,  
What in one single syllable's better express'd;  
That syllable then I my sentiment call,  
So here's to *that word*, which, *is, is, is* for all.

*Sing Tantarara Tass!* all.

# S O N G XXXVIII.

## THE DAMN'D HONEST FELLOW.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Old Woman at Grimsby*.

AS a Choice-Spirit bred to I'll choicely behave,  
My Bucks, I'm damn'd honest and free;  
As to Rules, they're for Fooles; I'll be nobody's slave;  
The Minister must do for me.

If he does not, nor cannot, for that's all the same,  
But leaves me to sink or to swim;

If he won't do for me, when I send in my name,  
Why, damn'd then, I'll do for him.

If *Guineas* did but tip me a *Place*, or a *Post*,  
If I didn't clear all, I'll be curst,

I'll take care that nothing shall never be lost,  
Of my self tho' I'll take care the first.

The

The Government's Tools, to a Man I would shift,  
Corruption's the Nation's disgrace;

The 'Treasury' Lord, why I'll turn him adrift,  
And whip myself plump in his place.

The National Debt I'll wet-sponge it away,  
The *Sinking Fund* that I would drown:  
And when the bold Britons have nothing to pay,  
Why then all our money's our own.

As to *Scotch-wat*, I'll *fetch* them all off, never fear,  
They are jackites all to a man;  
Pray tell me what business have such fellows here?  
I'm a Briton, and hate ev'ry Clan.

They have nothing to do with our Meat and our Drink.  
I grant you they're clever, but still  
We're ten times as clever, if we would but think,  
And one time or other we will.

Like Foxes I'll hunt Presbyterians to Church,  
For zounds! we'll be at 'em soon;  
The Sully'd Princes I'll leave in the lurch,  
And Stockjobbers sit in the stocks.

My friends I'll provide for, and thus I'll begin;—  
Arch Bishop of York shall make room,—  
His Pulpit I've promised to my Whipper-in,  
And Lord Chancellor's Seat to my Groom.

My Grand Buck at Drinking shall Admiral be;  
I've Judgment in all I design:—  
He surely must prove best Commander at Sea,  
Who's best at an Ocean of Wine.

Now as to Land-service, *Excuse* I'll demand,  
And I'll banish the *March* from the West;  
Betoast *Tink* and *Lynna* no Turnpike shall stand,  
And I'll burn the *King's Bench* and the *Law*.

As to Smugglers, why curse on the *Cassius* *Ang's* Tide,  
Of Phocemon, I'll soon make an end;  
I'll hang the first fellow I find take a bribe,  
Except I see a Buck—and my Friend.

So now for a Toast—*Ha*—what Toast shall we have;  
Why *Lunatic*—sin we fly from?—  
And he who won't pledge his soul for a Slave,  
And a Slave is a Son of a Whore.

A Wife to be sure ! that's the fashion in Town,  
And fashion for Wives to make free ;  
But I won't be hum'd, I'll have none of my own,  
What Friends have will always serve me.

So here's to the Girl who will give one a share,  
But as for those Jills who deny,  
So curiously coy, tho' they've so much to spare—  
But drink, Brother Bucks, for I'm dry.

## S O N G XXXIX.

L I B E R T Y - H A L L.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Derry down.*

**O**LD *Homer* ! but with him what have we to do ?  
What are Grecians, or Trojans, to me or to you ?  
Such Heathen sacrifices no more I'll invoke,  
Choice Spirits, attend me, attend, Hearts of Oak.

*Derry down.*

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of Science and Art,  
Unanimity, take your Petitioner's part ;  
Accept of my Song, 'tis the best I can do—  
But hush, may it please ye—my service to you.

Perhaps my Address you may premature think,  
Because I have mentioned no Toast as I drink,  
True there are many fine Toasts, but the best of 'em all  
Is the Toast of the Time ; that is *Liberty-Hall*.

That fine British building, by Alfred was fram'd,  
Magnificent stone-house Magna-Charta is nam'd,  
Independency came at Integrity's call,  
And form'd the stout pillars of *Liberty-Hall*.

This Manner our forefathers bought with their blood,  
And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the deed  
good ;

By that title we live, with that title we'll sell,  
For I'd not live out of *Liberty-Hall*.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,  
Playing bright in the sunshine, the burnish of gold,  
Truth beams on her breast, see, at Liberty's call,  
The Genius of England in *Liberty-Hall*.

Ye sweet smiling Countesses of ribband and lace,  
The spindles of Power, and Bounty's disgrace,  
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,  
'Twas Passive-obedience lost *Liberty-Hall*.

But when Revolution had settled the crown,  
And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,  
No trowns cloth'd with Terror appear'd to appall,  
The deos were thrown open of *Liberty-Hall*.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,  
Her standard is *Justice*, her watch word be *free*;  
Our King is our Countryman, English the soil,  
God bless him, and let us, on *Liberty-Hall*.

*On very is der All*—Mind, we want to know,  
'Tis neither at Minn, Ve feller, For mindless  
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect,  
For *LIBERTY-HALL* is an Englishman's *MARKET*.  
*Derby down.*

S O N G XL.

T H E H U M B U G.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*The man who is drunk is mad of all care.*

**T**HAT Living's a Joke, *Jebury Gay* he *carol'd*,  
*Fall de roll, tell lull.*

In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest;  
*Lull de roll, &c.*

A load of conceits, a long life we are luzzing,  
Which some are *Humbugg'd* by, and some are *Humbugging*.  
*Fall de roll, &c.*

His Honour with confidence charges his face,  
Bows round to the ladies, and ogles his Grace;  
Then whispers his friend, "Sir, depend on my word,"—  
But if you depend, you're *Humbugg'd* by the Lord.

Says Patty the pious, and the wide friend her fan—  
"Me marry! What? I to be led to a snip?"  
"I detest all male creatures but my God!—I *fall swoon*!"  
She did—and was brought to bed, *lolly*, before noon!

To London *Th* sent her, when bloom was rekind,  
Invited her *Maidenhead* there she maintain'd;  
For a Virgin was wif'd, she knew how to be maid,  
So gain'd a good Husband, her Husband a *thorn*.

Miss nicely observ'd, "wastily vulgar" this word,  
 "Immensely indelicate, mouth-iron abhor'd."  
 Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself sang,  
 You cou'dst do—without loving—life's all a humbug.

The wanton Wife often, too often I fear,  
 Throws a Word to be Facts when she calls her Spouse Decear;  
 And enjoys the sweet cheat as ho'll'n pleasures the Lugs,  
 How cunningly now the her Cuckold humbug!

But Husband at home, as few marry'd men wish,

To dine every day on the very same dish. *Fal de rali, till till.*

Makes a meal of her Maid, the thing possibly known is,  
 A Tete-a-Tete deal, call'd the *Lee Tete-a-Tete*.

*Fal de rali, &c.*

## S O N G XII.

## D O T H E S A M E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune.—*Illec. For. J. 2*

**M**ARK Antony gave up the world for a Girl,  
 And he who wou'd not do the same is a Churl.  
*Do let me tell you the Thing*—do not think me to blame  
 If a Brimmer I drink, wilt not you *do the same*?

But what do you think that I mean by all this?  
 Why Evil to them who imagine amiss.  
 Hit or miss, Luck is all; are the Lucky to blame?  
 No no, do but win—we wou'd all *do the same*.

The daint-fed Dame, in unpinn'd dishabille,  
 To the Swain of her sighs upon tiptoe will steal;  
 Voluptuously welcomes the knife-piercing kiss,  
 And gives up her Soul to the dangerous bliss.

While foolish men murmur behind her delight,  
 The rustling leaves play thro' the still of the night,  
 And tell her Tremblings they kept Time and Tune,  
 Above reach'd, shone, in pale splendor, the Moon.

Only frown down looking, the luscious scene sees,  
 Withdrew her beam, blushing, from silver top'd trees;  
 In a cloud veil'd her face, crying out, "He for shame,"  
 So Endymion drives off—and with him *does the same*.

Let Hypocrite's Harp, the Ton of the Time,  
 To lay on our Neighbours the Load of our Crimes;

The

The failings of friends we to Slander proclaim,  
But sink our own failings,—won't you *do the same?*

Reason ne'er had the head-ach, no toasts he'll approve;  
Reason ne'er had the heart-ach—he ne'er was in love.  
But poor honest Instinct, he's always to blame,  
For he'll drink and he'll love, and—why we *do the same.*

My Country! my Country! that phrase cannot fail;  
'Tis the Brit Voter bite at, the Tub for the Whale;  
Distinction, on each side, is only a name;  
For this side, and that side,—both sides *do the same.*

Let us, without blaming or this side or that,  
Only keep to our own side, and mind what we're at.  
I would be at something, but what, I won't name,  
Yet to toast it I'll teach you, and drink to *the same.*

Your sentiment, Decency, give it to me,—  
*The Quaker's Address*, Friend, I drink unto thee.  
So here's to't, and to thee; and pray who's to blame  
Why him—can you find him? who won't *do the same.*

S O N G XLII.

G O D S A V E T H E K I N G.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*While I have a hand from Alien's Slave.*

**Y**E sturdy Sons of Honour's Land,  
Where *Frederick Maxima CHARTA* plann'd  
Ye sovereigns of the sea;  
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,  
From East to West, from Pole to Pole,  
Fair Conquest celebrates your name,  
Witness aloud by wondrous Fame,  
When will you be free?

Mistake me not, my Hearts of Oak,  
I scorn with LIBERTY to joke,  
Ye sovereigns of the sea;  
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,  
But sing an Independent Song,—  
Since Ministers must be withstood,  
And Patriots are but flesh and blood,  
I dare with both be free.

While strange told tale from scribbler's pen,  
Disturb the heads of honest men,  
Ye sovereigns of the sea;

## HUMOROUS, DRINKING, AND

The train of temporizing slaves,  
 Who earn their daily bread as knaves.  
 Heedless which tide may rise or fall,  
 The Ready Money—that's their All.  
 Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,  
 And jolly join—*God save the King,*  
 Ye sovereigns of the sea;

As Honest indirect point the way  
 Our King, our Country, we obey;  
 Yet pay to neither side our count,  
 But LIBERTY on both support.

A Men who should be free.

Aid, uphold your Church and State,  
 See Great Men Good, and Good Men great;  
 Ye sovereigns of the sea;

Shun Party, that unwelcome guest,  
 No tenant for a Broken's breast.  
 Forget, forgive, in Faction's spite,  
 Awe all abroad, at home unite.

Then, then, my Friends, you're free.

Ye Sovereigns of wide Ocean's waves,  
 To Heroes long enchain'd in Graves,  
 A Requiem let us sing;

*I Alfred, Henry, Edward name,—*  
 Then *William*, our Deliverer came;—  
 May future Ages Brunswick own,  
 Perpetual Hail to *England's* Throne,  
 So here's God Save the King.

## S O N G XLIII.

## ADMINISTRATION.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Wine,—In the Mirror Basin behind.*

SEE that bumper, Buck, be gay,  
 I scorn all hypochondria;  
 If you'll preside my toast you may,  
 "Dr. Gargyle's Exaltation."

When two part in close embrace,  
 And separation another,  
 He is upright in his place,  
 And downlight is the other.

Whether

Whether 'tis to rise or fall,  
 Yet still his time improving,  
 In the Cockpit at Whitehall  
 The bell of measure moving:  
 Outs will sometimes Ins become,  
 'Twixt both sides hold he ventures,  
 Pushing things with vigour home,  
 Administration enters.

Certain of a strong support,  
 Each opening he embraces,  
 All the time he stays at court  
 His friends preserve their places.  
 The Members he depends upon,  
 When plac'd in proper station,  
 The Star above the Garter won  
 At Beauty's Installation.

In Love and State exact the same,  
 Respecting Mankind's wishes,  
 And the Cupboard's Key would gain  
 To plunder Leaves and Files.  
 Placemen England have disgrac'd,  
 The daily papers tell us,  
 Howsoe'er you have men plac'd  
*Non Placets* will be jealous.

Ministers may Places fill,  
 I buy none, nor am selling;  
 A Thatch'd House underneath the Hill  
 Is what I chuse to dwell in.  
 Tho' it has no high-raised roof,  
 Yet prospects can command, sir;  
 Not so low, but room enough  
 For me upright to stand, sir.

On the Hill, along the Dale,  
 I sometimes turn a rover,  
 Then within the Mossy Vale  
 I slyly creep to Cover.  
 There's the spot, and that's the spot  
 'Tis Pleasure's wild Plantation,  
 Lest the toast should be forgot—  
 Here's *Love's Affection*.

## S O N G XLIV.

## B E E F - S T E A K C L U B.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Since Artists seek for the Trophies of Fame***D**RAW the Cork, the Cloth's drawn,—a Toast to the King,

I presume it is meet, after meat we should sing,  
 For thus prescribes Galen;—"Life's Health to prolong,  
 "Take Dinner's digestive, a Glass, and a Song."  
 To trim the Diplomats their judgment resign,  
 So that mixturam, 'tis Music and Wine.

Old Homer, who, Shakespeare-like, all Nature knew,  
 Does honour to Beef, and to Beef-eaters too;  
 He sings, that the Greeks, by whom Troy Town was sell'd,  
 In fighting and eating, all Nations excell'd,  
 And he, for the Day, who was Hero in Chief,  
 Had a Double Proportion, or Premium of Beef.

It was Cacus (some say) tho' that's not Orthodox,  
 'Twas Mils of Croton first knock'd down an Ox;  
 He invited all friends to his Beef-eating Wake,  
 But first, on the Turf Altar, he offer'd a Steak.  
 The Ætherials regaled on the odour that rose,  
 Says Epicure Jove, such a Club we'll compose.

Then call'd out for Vulcan, the God, limping, came,  
 And, ogling behind him, attended his Dame;  
 Each Deity seem'd more inclin'd to her Meats,  
 Than to dine on the best dish Olympus cou'd dress.  
 Jove silent proclaims, his curl awfully shakes,  
 And on Ida establish'd a Chao of Beef, *steaks*.

When Juno, that instant a female peal rung,  
 In Jove's hand the Bowl shook, the Toast dy'd on his tongue;  
 But commanding a Cloud, like a Curtain to fold,  
 He embow'd her within it, and silenc'd the Scold.  
 In practice, ye Husbands, put Jupiter's plan,  
 And keep your Wives quiet—as well as you can,

## SONG XLV.

## JACK TARR SONG.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*A Barring we will go.*

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,  
 And let us merry be,  
 Our Can is full, we'll pump it out,  
 And then all Hands to Sea.

*And a Sailing we will go.*

One Morn'g at Dancin'-school I taught,  
 The Minuet to lead,  
 But we go better when we're baring t'-  
 The Fore-Talk to Cal Head.

The Jockey's call'd to Hie, to Hie,  
 And swiftly ride the Race,  
 But swifter far we shape our course,  
 When we are giving Chase.

When Horn and Shot the Forest rend,  
 His Pack the Huntsman cheers,  
 As loud we hallow when we lend  
 A Bonafide to Mountieers.

The What'-their-name, at Upstairs squall,  
 With music fine and soft,  
 But better sound our Beattyrin's Call,  
 All Hands, all Hands aloft!

With Gold and Silver Creamers fine  
 The Ladies Ring and draw,  
 But let us all follow where Brander shine,  
 When Brive-land we tow.

What's out at Sea we spend on Shore,  
 With Sooty-birds of our Viper,  
 And then, my Boys, hoist Sail for more,  
 Thus puffing Baffles live.

*And a Sailing we will go.*

SONG

S O N G    X L V I.  
F R E E D O M.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Buffy Bell, and Mary Gray.*

C O M E, Neighbours, Neighbours, drink abouts  
Have come with Party-potter,  
Lest not, ye Lads, to Upstart's rout,  
On one side or on t'other.  
The Winners laugh, the Losers cry,  
Thus Faction ever dines, Sir,  
Infinity tells Folly's tale,  
The Outs will at the Ins Sir.

Oh, Common Sense! once more defend  
To save this Isle from sinking;  
Be once again Britannia's friend,  
And let her Sons to thinking!  
No more by Knaves let us be school'd,  
But teach us how to read 'em,  
Nor let well-meaning Men be fool'd  
By Privilege and Freedom.

Where's Freedom?—point out how and when  
We have enjoy'd that Bounty?  
When Magna Charta—aye, Amen,—  
But tell me where's her County;  
“Why where our Property's secur'd,  
“Where Liberty possess'd;  
Then, Brother Britons, be assur'd  
The Game Act is a Blessing.

Lo! Liberty! celestial Maid!  
Which was thou we address thee?  
You're Langland's Genius, it is said,  
And England thou possessest;  
We boast thee much about the Fair,  
For, many, and we think,  
I could not have told you, I think, despair—  
But, alas, I am we've told here.

Like Hamlet's Ghost 'twas here! 'tis gone!  
And only to be guess'd at;  
As Maidenhead, when lost and won,  
Are what the winners jest at.

In vain the Goddess opens her arms,  
 No more her arms we're wooing;  
 Licentiousness has Harlot's charms,  
 Which tempt to our undoing.  
 Wit, Beauty, Sciences, and Arts,  
 Are all become dependant;  
 We're neither free in Heids nor Hearts,  
 We're Slaves, and there's an end on't,  
 It was, and ever will be so,  
 That's sent us to some Folly;  
 And, all the Liberty we know,  
 Is — drink! and let's be jolly.

## S O N G XLVII.

## H O N O U R.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune, — Confusion to him who's a Bumper denies.*

**O**UR Reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon report,  
 The Decks we have cleared, and 'tis time we should go;  
 A Coach did you say? No! I'm faster and strong,  
 Waiter! call me a Link-boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows —  
 Your Honour! poor Jack, Sir, your Honour Jack knows.  
 For the sake of the pence thus he'd honour me on,  
 Gold Dust it caws the Race ground where all Honour's won.

Hold your light up! — what half-naked Objects here lie,  
 Thus huddled in heaps? — Good your Honour! they cry;  
 To put a creature, your Honour, some charity spare;  
 Honour's phrase is Necessity's common-place prayer.

Young penning Out-calls thus nightly are found,  
 No Patches care, they're too poor to be own'd.  
 For us, in these times, wou'd be laughed to scorn,  
 Who Distress wou'd assist, yet expect no Return.

With Courier-like bowing the Shoe cleaners call,  
 And offer their Bruth, Steel and shining Black Ball;  
 Japanning your Honour, these Colonists join,  
 And, really, some Honours may want a Japan.

To varnish the Talle is, — as cases from dust,  
 Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;  
 Nay, some Ladies Faces are colour'd like Blinds,  
 While men use Japanning which masquerade mends.

Of Honour, of Freedom, yet England can boast,  
 And Honour and Freedom's an Englishman's boast;  
 May Infamy ever Defectors attend,  
 But Honours crown those who our Honour defend.

## SONG XLVIII.

## F O O L S - H A L L.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*The Sun in Virgin Lustre shone,*

OLD Homer nodded long ago,  
 And modern Bards oft sleep we know;  
 They dote to dream, and dream to write,  
 'Twas thus with me the other night.  
 Sleeping by all fornicious rules,  
 Methought 'twas in the Hall of Fools;  
 Mere properly the place to call,  
 The Learned say, it was *Fools-Hall*.

There Billingsgate, with front of brags,  
 And Faction, rode on braving airs,  
 While scurril' Banter leerd along,  
 With face buffoon, and loll'd-out tongue.  
 Riot there, with mouth stretch'd wide,  
 On a Stuckard sat abside;  
 Spangled Jewynets o'rd the Ball,  
 And Nonen's echo'd round *Fools-Hall*.

Credulity, the dupe of lies,  
 Stupidity in Thought's disguise,  
 Dulness crown'd in hood and cowl,  
 Solemn as the frowl-fac'd owl,  
 Quick and Quantock hand in hand,  
 In Lawyer's gown, and Priest's band,  
 On thirce Princes look'd them all,—  
 While Stupidity about *Fools-Hall*.

Blue Soldiers arm'd with white and black,  
 Toiling and toll, to beggar's rack,  
 With stone and iron on blood next,  
 And Pistol terror, Sash, and scut's test,  
 Thence Princes' and nobles' eyes,  
 With long sword up bare his eyes  
 Post his opinion we count a lie,  
 The hope is up even in *Fools-Hall*.

With Vanity hand Zest was join'd;  
 Hypocrisy their profits join'd;  
 Fraud, perjury, Superstition too,  
 But hoodwink'd, to Imposture's bed.

Miss Affectation made the rout,  
Debauch the sick'ning feast set out;  
While Doctors waited Symptom's call,  
Disease's vapours fill'd *Fesh-Hall*

The stupid Heirs of much-muck'd land,  
With wheezing Gluttons throng'd the Strand;  
Great sport they hop'd, they long'd to see,  
Heedless what victim 'twas to be.  
But wealthy Dunces joke the bell  
On Merit, when 'tis most distress'd;  
While Sots, while Coxcombs great and small  
Paraded, grinning, round *Fesh-Hall*.

Plain Truth appear'd, but at the sight  
They shriek'd, they cou'd not bear the sight;  
The Cry continu'd him in the Stocks,  
And Virtue prov'd not orthodox.  
Honour the parish pass'd away,  
And Wit was gag'd for Folly's play;  
Deserted Beauty, mock'd by all,  
The Beadles whip drove from *Fesh-Hall*.

O'erwhelm'd with what I saw, I wept,  
And, happily, no longer slept;  
Malice, methought, had 'spy'd my tears,  
Exposing me to Party's sneers,  
Who hid'd, and show'd me thro' the throng;  
I woke, as I was dragg'd along,—  
Here's Women, Wine, and Health to all,  
Who scorn the crouds that fill *Fesh-Hall*.

## S O N G XLIX.

## P O L I T I C S.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*'Tis a Twelve-month ago, nay, perhaps it is to-morrow.*

**A**S an Englishman ought, I with well to my King,  
As an Englishman ought, for my Country I'll sing,  
And my mind I will tell, 'tis a kingdom to me,  
By his birthright a Briton dare think and speak free.

My Hearts of Oak, stoutly you call out for Freedom,  
And Liberty, Property,—really we need 'em;  
But don't, quite so loud, against Babbry exclaim,  
Rogues will buy,—but who sells, Sirs? then pray who's to  
blame?

F

Ye

Ye noise-making, fash-breaking, Lacqueys of Factions,  
 Ye insane Disturbers, who're bit by Distractions,  
 Think what you're about, when the loudest you bawl,  
 Not a man that you're mad for but laughs at ye all.

Who Patriots were once now are Patriots no more,  
 And what has been, certainly may be, encore;  
 Nay, have not some Bufflers confess'd their intentions?  
 They open'd their mouths untill Mum popp'd in Pensions.

To be wise is the word; how that word comes about  
 Is,—the wise are those in, and the otherwise out;  
 So small's the distinction betwixt one another,  
 When Outs become Ins, then they're wiser than t'other.

The World has, without one exception, a Rule,  
 The rich Man's a wise Man, the poor Man's a Fool;  
 And foolish he is, faith, since Money's the test,  
 Who attempts not to get what will get all the rest.

Attend and depend thro' the year, so you may,  
 And begin, waste and end the next just the same way;  
 As to promise on promise such schemes I condemn;  
 Folks will not serve us unless we can serve them.

Let us now serve ourselves, fill our Glasses, fill high,  
 We'll laugh when we're pleas'd, and we'll drink when we're  
 dry;

And we'll drink the King's Health, 'tis the best Toast of all—  
 Here's our Lord of the Manor in Liberty-Hall.

# S O N G L.

## T H E N O R F O L K F A R M E R.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune,—I'm marry'd, and happy, with wonder hear this.*

**W**HEN the early Cock crows at the Day's dappled  
 dawn,

And soaring Lark thro' the air trills,  
 Ere yet the warm Sun drinks the dew from the lawn,  
 Or vapours uncover the hills;

While Ploughmen are whistling, as furrows they turn,  
 And Shepherds releasing their care,

I rise to unkennel, at sound of the Horn,  
 Or course, with my Greyhounds, the Hare.

## LOYAL SONGS.

In Spring-time observing my Husbandmen sow,  
 Then see how my Yearlings go on;  
 Sometimes, riding round, mark my Turnip-men hoe,  
 Or in Barn what my Threshers have done.  
 At home with the Parson, 'bout Markets I prate.  
 His Tythes, tho' I never delay;  
 We properly each shou'd maintain in his state,  
 The Vineyard-man's worthy his pay.

My Milk-maids, at morn and eve, Dairy-cows press,  
 For cuttards, cream, puddings, and cheese;  
 My Daughters keep market in neat but plain dress,  
 And Dame too—but 'tis when she'll please.  
 We never for Master or Mistresship strive,  
 But Man and Wife's Lot share and share;  
 As Gratitude tells us, in Friendship we live,  
 Do so, ye Crim. Cons. if ye dare.

My poultry is all by my good Woman bred,  
 My Garden gives Roots for my Health,  
 For London my Bullocks on best fodder fed,  
 Yet pinch not the Poor for my Wealth.  
 I've plenty of Game in my copses and woods,  
 My Flock on its Thyme feeding thrives;  
 With Fishes well stor'd are my ponds and my floods,  
 And Honey from yon' row of hives.

What grateful Return is to industry made?  
 What Reward have the Bees for their Toil?  
 We boast of our Rights, yet, their Rights we invade,  
 And seize on their Labours as Spoil.  
 But Justice to Power is only a name,  
 Great Fishes devour the small;  
 Great Birds, and great Beasts, and great Men do the same,  
 'Till Death, the grand Robber, robs all.

Content spreads my cloth, and says Grace after Meat,  
 While Welcome attends at my board;  
 No Outlandish Mixture disguises my treat,  
 My Wine my own Orchards afford.  
 With a Glass in my Hand, to Church, Country, and King,  
 I drink as a Subject shou'd do;  
 Perhaps my Dame smiles, then one Song I must sing,  
 So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

S O N G   L I  
T H E   B O T T L E .

*Tune,—On a Time I was great, now little am grown.*

**P**USH the Bottle about, name the Toast, and away,  
 With Wine be our Sentiments flowing;  
 We idly grow old while we drinking delay,  
 Be merry, my Bucks, and keep doing.  
 Keep doing I say, fill it up to the brink,  
 'Tis a Trouble to talk, 'tis a Trouble to think,  
 'Tis a trouble—no, no!—'tis a Pleasure to drink.  
 Prithce ring, we must have t'other **Bottle**.

Our Classic is Bacchus, his Volumes prefer,  
 To all that's in old Aristotle;  
 But why, with quotations, shou'd we make a stir?  
 We'll stir about briskly the **Bottle**.  
 A Fool once to find how the World cou'd go round,  
 Leap'd into the deep where the puppy was drown'd,  
 But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,  
 Such wonders are work'd by a **Bottle**.

The Sportsman arou's'd when the Horn harks away,  
 Shrill echo Tantwivy repeating,  
 His warm wishing Wife clings around him to stay,  
 But shouts put to silence entreating.  
 Yet what is his Chace to the Chace that we boast?  
 So, ho! here's a Bumper, hark, hark! to the Toast.  
 Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent shou'd be lost,  
 And we're cast in the Chace of a **Bottle**.

Let Heroes or Neros run mad after Fame,  
 We're charg'd and rang'd ready for battle;  
 Let Flacernen perplex, and let Patriots declaim,  
 Let both be indulg'd in their prattle;  
 But Preachers o'er Liquor we always confute,  
 Without 'tis the Toast, at our meetings we're mute,  
 For what, without Wine, can be worth a dispute,  
 Except 'tis a Short-measure **Bottle**.

Shou'd Sicknefs with sadd'ning Captivity join,  
 The Ancients I'll equal in thinking;  
 But all my Philosophy shou'd be my Wine,  
 Despair I defy when I'm drinking.  
 Stood Death like a Drawer to wait on me home,  
 Or, Bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,  
 I'd try for one moment to tip him a blum,  
 While I bumper'd the last of my **Bottle**.

S O N G

S O N G    LII.  
M Y       N O S E.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*An As, an As.*

**W**HILE people call'd Poets, in Blank Verse, or Rhime  
Pindarics or Epics compose,  
And celebrate Heroes in Sonnets sublime,  
My subject is, simply,—my Nose.

The large Nose and long one, thereby haags a Tale,  
A Tail the old Scholiasts suppose ;  
Ex noicitur Naso—but Proverbs may fail,  
I find it, in faith, by my Nose.

The boys of Conceit blushing Merit deride,  
For Coxcombs are Modesty's foes ?  
I challenge the sons and the daughters of Pride  
To move such a muscular Nose.

Prometheus, 'tis said, form'd our Animal Clay,  
For quick'ning to Æther he rose ;  
I fear that some 'Prentice, when he was away,  
A little aside shov'd my Nose.

I presume,—but perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,  
I even presume to suppose,  
I shou'd set myself up in the Song-singing Way,  
When I ought to sit down with my Nose.

My Song therefore ends, now a Toast with your leave—  
May Wisdom our Councils compose,  
May Britons be Friends, and forget and forgive,  
And at Faction each turn up his Nose.

S O N G    LIII.  
S E R I O S I T Y.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*This cold flinty Heart it is you who have warm'd.*

**W**HILE Winter has left us, with all its chill train,  
And fruitful Spring puts forth its buds o'er the plain ;  
The Birds their glad welcome by warblines express,  
All Nature seems pleas'd at the change of her dress.

Let us take example, and merrily sing,  
Each moment at Midnight to us is new Spring;  
Our green cover'd Table, a Garden for Souls;  
Our Noggays are Bumpers we gather from Bowls.

With Dainties, with King cups, the meadows are crown'd,  
But Blossoms from Bacchus our Verdure surround;  
'Tis Life—and such Life too, which only Bucks know,  
As for Death we can talk about him when we go.

When confid'd, no matter to us all the fun,  
The smart things we've said, or the droll things we've done;  
Future Fame's all a joke—I'm for Life's present treat,  
What's to come may be queer, for To-morrow's a Cheat.

'Tis certain that, one by one, all must resign  
The post of true pleasure, health, Women, and Wine.  
Think, Ladies, what Life is, and Living improve,  
To birk the base worms, bestow Beauty on Love.

As we ought, we reflect on Life's pleasure and pain,  
We have liv'd, drank, and lov'd, we'll repeat them again.  
While Dainties depend on Ability's aid—  
But Faculty's failings, here Sexton, your spade.

I have acted from Instinct, I've liv'd upon Whim,  
As to Prudence—I can't say I ever drank with him;  
With the Sun too I've drove round the Bottle in Tune,  
And have labour'd all Night with Queen Midwife the Moon.

As to sins,—why, Repentance will shorten our score,  
The lowest have hopes, and the highest no more;  
We speak as we feel, and we act as we think,  
And to Men of such Methods a Bumper we'll drink.

Here's to those who, like us, Affections dery,  
Not Spendthrifts of life, nor like Misers wou'd dye;  
When call'd on to pay, calmly cast up expence,  
And drink their last Toast—A good Journey from hence.

#### S O N G    L I V.

#### T H E   F U N E R A L.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune,—Come, ye careless, come and hear me.*

SEE the Pail supporting Bearers,  
All in Undertaker's shew;  
See the train of Sable-wearers,  
Acting ev'ry Mode of woe.

Silent

Silent crouds the spot surrounding,  
 Cal'd the Grand Receiver's Dome;  
 Dismal toting Tenor sounding,  
 Follow Mortals; follow Home.

Lift! oh lift! ye States Declaimers,  
 On whose words the many dwell;  
 Place-bellowing, Patriot tanners,  
 Hark! on hark! 'tis Grandeur's Knell.

Heralds loud proclaim the Honours  
 Which this once puffant pass;  
 Tell his Titles, count his Manors,  
 Lord of only this at last.

View the Tomb with Sculpture splendid,  
 View the Sod with Briars bound;  
 There the Farce of Finery's ended,  
 All are equal under ground.

Fashions there, there Envy's banish'd,  
 Beauties there can plead no forms;  
 There Precedencies are vanish'd,  
 Oisals all to odious worms.

Wife folks, weak ones, poor, and wealthy,  
 Tenant unremitting Graves;  
 Haughty, humble, sick, and healthy,  
 Britain's sons, and Asia's slaves.

Gloom no more the brow with sorrow,  
 Meet the moment, come what may;  
 If we're all to dye To-morrow,  
 Let us live, my Lads, To-day.

We'll not lavish Life's expences,  
 Nor be Niggards when we pay;  
 Let us please, not pall our Senes,  
 This is Reason's holiday.

Here, to Dances bid defiance,  
 Affectations disapprove,  
 Here's my Toast,—The grand alliance,  
 Friendship, Freedom, Wit, and Love.

S O N G    LV.

THE COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune,—Had pretty Miss been at a Dancing-School bred.*  
**T**HOU' a Cobler is call'd but a low occupation,  
 The practice of cobling is come into fashion,  
 From me up to those who wou'd cobble the nation.

Some

Some say that Old England wants heel-piecing, true,  
Our Country is trod upon like an old Shoe,  
And may Heel-pieces want, aye, and Head-pieces too.

One, vamping our old Constitution pretends,  
And turn and translate is to serve self and friends,  
All this is but botching to serve their own Ends.

Each Roof in this Island with Liberty rings,  
The Good of their Country each Party-man sings,  
The Sense of that Phrase is,—My Country's good Thing.

If I, but how shou'd I the State have a hand in ?  
Good souls I'd be picking, the bad be disbanding,  
And then we shou'd come to a right understanding.

Against Want the cunning man wisely provides,  
A Storm shunning shepherd beneath a bush hides,  
So as the Times change we are sure to change Sides.

With my Awl in my hand I'll Old England defend,  
Giving room to my betters who've much room to mend,  
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those that are heedless what here may mishap,  
Their hearts are as hard as the Stone in my lap,  
They're taking their swing, wou'd their swing was my Strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,  
Or else I cou'd hammer out such a fine theme,  
It was about something I saw'd in a dream.

To my Last I am come, and that shall not last long,  
So that is the last of a poor Cobler's Song,  
May they now be right who till now have been wrong.

## S O N G LVI.

## T H E H U M.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

**P**USH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,  
While thus we sit round on the—Stay !  
What business have I an old Song to impart,  
When I, Sirs, a new one can say, can say,  
When I, Sirs, a new one can say.

What

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?

What best will my bad voice become?

Why faith, Sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,  
That life is, alas! but a Hum.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they dye,  
At death the most happy look glum;  
At our entrance and exit we equally cry,  
Which proves our life's plainty a Hum.

Law and Physic you see will make sure of the fee,  
What advice to you gratis will come;  
If poor, you are lost, tho' merit you boast,  
For Worth without Wealth is a Hum.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll mend,  
And vow to your service they'll come;  
But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,  
Modern Friendship is merely a Hum.

When some Ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,  
(But let us be modest and mum)  
At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,  
Religion with them is a Hum.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd into earth,  
To an end of our jokes then we come:  
Take your glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,  
And thus make the most of a Hum, a Hum,  
And let's make the most of a Hum.

## SONG LVII.

## THE POINT.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune,—I will tell you what, Friend.*

**S**INCE at last I am FREE,  
Contented I'll be,  
O'er briars barefooted to go;  
Or lost in the rain,  
Upon Salisbury plain,  
Or lost without cloaths in the snow.  
Or if I should perch  
On top of Paul's church,  
The hottest day, just about noon,  
Afside the cross sat,  
Without hood, or hat,  
I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For

For now I am FREE,  
 No low spirits for me,  
 I laugh at all crosses I find;  
 I think as I please,  
 And reflect at my ease,  
 For Liberty lies in the mind.

To my Fancy I live,  
 And what Fancy can give,  
 I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream;  
 Observe the world through,  
 Do others pursue  
 Aught else than a fanciful scheme?

Some fancy the Court,  
 Some fancy Field-sport,  
 The chase of a Beauty some chuse;  
 The Topers with Wine,  
 The Misers with Coin,  
 And Poets are pleas'd with their Muse.

*La Mancha's* mad Knight,  
 With Wind-mills wou'd fight,  
 Like him our attempts are a jest;  
 With envy insane,  
 And with projects so vain,  
 Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This Extravagancy  
 On Folly or Fancy,  
 Appears to be rather too long;  
 With something that's shrewd,  
 I wish to conclude,  
 And make this an Epigram Song.

In a Point it must end,  
 On a Point I depend,  
 And like a staunch Pointer I'll stand;  
 I appoint you to sing,  
 I appoint you to ring,  
 And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

SONG LVIII  
 TOM O' BEDLAM.  
 (By G. A. STEVENS.)

Tune,—*Young Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the Brunette.*

**B**ARE-FOOT and Head-bare, his blanket tight skewer'd,  
 Tom o' Bedlam paraded, erect as my Lord;

The

The boys left their play, at his raggedness scar'd,  
 The mob pity struck, at his misery star'd.  
 Girls laugh'd, and the fops, fashion-form'd for the day,  
 Shrill screaming on tiptoe stole trembling away ;  
 While infants crept close, in their mothers arms hid,  
 Tom, Beauty-like, mov'd, heedless what harm he did.

"Where's the Devil?" quoth Tom "where's the Devil I say?  
 Good folks, have you not seen the Devil to day?"

A Brother, just cur'd, cries—"Where Old Nick does  
 dwell,

Come hither, I'll shew you; look there is his Hell.  
 Behold those round Pillars with Ram's-horns on top,  
 A Palace some call it, I say 'tis his shop.  
 Attendance, Dependence, there move round and round,  
 And where such a dance is, the damn'd must be found.

The Fiend of Revenge, this vile torment made out,  
 Twixt Hope and Despair, to hang souls up in doubt.  
 Expectation indeed may fill Vanity's head,  
 But poor must we live when by Promises fed.  
 I honour the Great, who dare greatly behave,  
 I dissent not from Pique, nor assent as a Slave,  
 For Englishmen scorn base earn'd bread to receive,"  
 Such a damn'd life, quoth Tom, I'll be damn'd if I live.

That moment a Methodist came to the place,  
 Hair tuck'd behind ears, and Zeal's cant on his face;  
 He threaten'd, he groan'd, he grimac'd and he whin'd,  
 The mad fellows mounted and seiz'd him behind.  
 The multitude question'd why he was us'd thus;  
 He has broke out, quoth Tom,—he's, you see, one of us.  
 To their Hospital dragg'd him, he there was unloos'd,  
 Tom cry'd out—At Bedlam is madness refus'd?

His Comate reply'd—Brother Tom, do not fret,  
 The world only works now for what it can get;  
 Such sad objects as we are, it cares not about,  
 What has Interest to do, with us two, in or out?  
 But this a Decoy Duck, who brings in great gains,  
 And tunnels his hearers by turning their brains.  
 If he's stopp'd, folks will follow some mischief as bad,  
 For one way or other, the world will be mad.

Here's a bumper, my boys, may we still find the way,  
 To speak what we know, and to know what we say.  
 Ye big wigs of Gresham, some Nostrum compound,  
 To keep our Heads clear and preserve our Hearts sound.

May

May Greatness and Goodness as partners agree,  
 May our sons, like ourselves, social sing, **WE ARE FREE!**  
 And may we, self conscious, presumption despise,  
 Nor e'er be so mad as to think ourselves wise.

## S O N G LIX.

## GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

(By G. A. STEVENS.)

*Tune,—To take in good part the soft squeeze, &c.*

**T**HERE is one thing, my friends, I must offer to you,  
 'Tis, Give to Old Nick, what to Old Nick is due;  
 What he owes to us, I can venture to say,  
 Like a Dæmon of Rank, upon Honour he'll pay.

Tho' you smile at my system, and sneer at my song,  
 His Worthip's allow'd to be Prince of Bon Ton;  
 Now thus lies the business, Sirs, as we're polite,  
 And practise good manners, pray what is his right?

The Devil is in you's a phrase daily us'd,  
 Yet oft, by such language, the Devil's abus'd.  
 Tho' some hollow hearts may have much room to spare,  
 The Devil himself would not chuse to dwell there.

Some people affect with this world to be sick,  
 And give themselves up in a pet to Old Nick;  
 Devil fetch me! they cry, but if Satan they knew,  
 His Honour has much better business to do.

Tho' of darkness he's king, he's a prince of the air,  
 And with his Infernalism we should deal fair;  
 The cheerful day's rul'd by the Angel of Light,  
 And the Devil (Lord bless us) is Monarch of Night.

His torturing spirits around him await,  
 As witchmen attend on the constable's state;  
 Those imps of authority fally in shoals,  
 And pennylots slumpets drag in as damn'd souls.

The hell upon earth, and life's dev'lish disease,  
 Is poverty burning, and seiz'd on for fees;  
 Deep in darkness, that dross we call money was hid,  
 A proof that the use on't to us was forbid.

But Pluto, the Devil's old heathenish name,  
 Brought it forth from below, as a varnish for shame.  
 Persuasion, Temptation, attended the god,  
 'Till all have been bid for, and few are unfold.

We

We are Dev'llishly odd, in a Dev'llish odd way,  
Since bribe as bribe can there's the Devil to pay;  
The Devil of Party makes damnable rout,  
Tho' the Devil a bit can we tell what about.

May Satan seize those who by purchase deceive,  
May they take the same road who such things receive;  
But may we preserve HONEST Men, tho' they're few,  
Export all the rest, give the *Devil his due*.

S O N G LX.

Tune,—*A Cobler there was.*

**A**LL you that have heard of the Sign of the F—x,  
In Great Br—w—r's Street, there's a Lodge of queer  
Bucks.

Who're rul'd by a Grand of exceeding fine Parts,  
Who chatters sweet Nothings, yet wins all their Hearts.  
Derry, Down, Down, &c.

At mighty Expence, as himself hath declar'd,  
(For neither Expences, nor Pains has he spar'd)  
He has brought this good Lodge to almost Perfection,  
For which they have made him their Grand by Election.

Like an Idol, he's plac'd, while his Profelites, they  
Must gain their Applause unto all he can say;  
Like the Cub in the Fable, when he e'er means a Joke,  
His Audience applaud it, before he has spoke.

As Ministers, bent upon Schemes that are vile,  
Who're resolv'd to have nothing but Fools in the while,  
Or Knaves, who will easy, by Bribes come about,  
So he was resolv'd to keep all the rest out.

In all his Discourse, he is wise to a Fault,  
And lavishes still all the Wit he has got;  
That, 'tis to be fear'd, when his Widow's all spent,  
He'll get none from those, where so much he has lent.

Triumphant he sits, in a very fine Chair,  
In midst of a Council, who're all much y clear;  
With Trinkets of Tin, that hang under their Throats,  
As low as the Beards of so many old Goats.

Could you see this gay Scene, in its full Decoration,  
And hear the fine Grand, make a learned Oration,  
With his Council all gaping, to catch the sweet Sound,  
Like Wax-work in Toy-shops, so plainly it sound.

Two years had he reign'd; in this Mock Show of State,  
When the Gulls a Repentance began to create;  
They saw through his Hyperboles, Tricks, and his Cant,  
That to trick 'em of Money, was all he did want.

With that, they resolv'd that they wou'd him depose,  
And, at their Election, another they chose:  
Which gave his good Worship the Hip, and the Spleen,  
It had kill'd him, but that—they had shifted the Scene.

For here they proceeded, with mighty great Pother,  
To pull down his Honour, and put up another;  
But, O, their Condition! they soon found (alas!)  
No Beast in their Books so proper an As.

Then all, with wry Faces, that shew'd their Concern,  
To their former obedience, did presently turn;  
And humbly (in Form) did his Worship implore,  
To Rule, and As-ride them, as he did before.

To this, the good Creature soon gave his Assent,  
But bray'd a Reproof, for their late Discontent;  
Then, ascended the Throne, which himself had erected;  
Where you may bow down—As above is directed.

Derry, down, down, Sec.

### S O N G LXI.

**A**T Winchester there was a Wedding,  
The like was never seen,  
'Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,  
And bonny black Bess of the Green:  
The Fiddlers were crowding before,  
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen:  
There was a Hundred and more,  
For all the whole Country came in,  
Buck Robin led Rose so fair,  
She look'd like a Lilly o'th' Vale,  
And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,  
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Temmy came smiling Katy,  
He help'd her over the Stile,  
And swore there was none so pretty,  
In forty and forty long Mile.  
Kit gave a green Gown to Betty,  
And lent her his Hand to tie,  
But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,  
For looking blue under the Eye.

The merrily chatting all,  
They pass to the Banquet-hall along,  
With Johnny and pretty fair'd Nancy,  
The fainest of all the Throng.

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,  
Around the Dinner was mov'd,  
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,  
With bak'd, and roasted, and boild.

The Lads were so brisk and jolly,  
For each had his Love by his Side;  
But Willy was melancholy,

For he had a Mind for the Bride;  
Then Philip begins her Health,  
And turns a Beer-Gal to his Thumb,  
But Johnkin was reckon'd for drinking,  
The best in Christendom.

And now they had din'd, and dancing  
Into the midst of the Hall,  
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,  
And Jeremmy led up the Ball:  
But Margery kept a Quirel,  
A Lash that was proud of her Pelf,  
'Cause Arthur had stolen her Garter,  
And swore he wou'd tie it himself:  
She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
And ready with Anger to cry,  
'Cause Arthur in tying her Garter,  
Had slip't his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stockings,  
The Bride away was Laid;  
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking  
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:  
But Robin endur'd him still,  
Most friendly took him side,  
The while that his Wife was with Willy,  
A playing at Hooper's hide:  
And now the warm Game begins,  
The critical Minute was come,  
And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,  
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,  
And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;  
And Tommy was so to Katy,  
And wedded her with a Rush-Ring:

Sukie that danc'd with the Cushion,  
 An hour from the Room had been gone,  
 And Barnaby knew by her Blushing,  
 That some other Dance had been done :  
 And thus of fifty fair Maidens,  
 That came to the Wedding with Men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,  
 That so did return again.

## S O N G      LXII.

*Tune,—A Soldier and a Sailor.*

**A** Dean and Prebendary  
 Had late a new Vagary,  
 And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,  
 Who led the better Life, Sir,  
 And was the better Man.

The Dean he said that truly,  
 Since Bluff was so unruly,  
 He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,  
 That he had the most Grace, Sir,  
 And so the Fight began, &c.

Then Preb repli'd like Thunder,  
 And roar'd out, 'twas no Wonder,  
 Since Gods the Dean had three, Sir,  
 And more by two than he, Sir,  
 For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilst these two were raging,  
 And in Disputes engaging,  
 The Master of the Charter  
 Said both had caught a Tartar,  
 For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.

That all the Books of Moses  
 Were nothing but Supposes;  
 That he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir,  
 Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,  
 'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father Adam,  
 And Mrs. Eve his Madam,  
 And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,  
 'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,  
 And well invented Flim, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,  
 As none would take Denial,  
 The Dame for which they strove, Sir,  
 Could neither of them love, Sir,  
 Nor neither could convince, &c.

She therefore sily waiting,  
 Left all three Fools a-peating ;  
 And being in a Fright, Sir,  
 Religion took her Flight, Sir,  
 And ne'er was heard of since, &c.

## S O N G LXIII.

A Pox on the Times,  
 Let 'em go as they will,  
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy,  
 Our Hearts are our own,  
 And shall be so still,  
 Drink about my Boys, and be merry.

Let no Man despair,  
 But drive away Care,  
 And drown all your Sorrow with Claret :  
 We'll never repine,  
 So give us good Wine,  
 Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

We value not Chink,  
 Unless to buy Drink,  
 Or purchase us innocent Pleasure ;  
 When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,  
 So we Liquor can get,  
 For Mirth of itself is a Treasure.

No Miser can be,  
 So happy as we,  
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow ;  
 Day and Night he's in Fear,  
 And never without Care,  
 While nothing disturbs the good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glass,  
 And round let it pass,  
 For Nature deth Vacuums decline ;  
 Drown the spruce formal Ass,  
 That's afraid of his Face,  
 We'll drink till our Noses do shine.

While we've plenty of this,  
 We can ne'er do amiss,  
 'Tis an Antidote against our Ruin;  
 And the Lad that drinks most,  
 With Honour may boast,  
 He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

## S O N G LXIV.

A Damsel, I'm told,  
 Of delicate Mold,  
 Whose Father was dead, to enrich her,  
 Of all her fine Things,  
 Lace, Ribbons, and Rings,  
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher.

The Youths all around,  
 With Courtship profound,  
 Try'd every Art to bewitch her:  
 But she was so chaste,  
 She'd not be embrac'd  
 By any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 By any Thing, &c.

Each offer'd his Pelf,  
 In Exchange for herself,  
 If to him the Parson might stitch her;  
 But still she reply'd,  
 She'd never be ty'd  
 To any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 To any Thing, &c.

But Cupid, grown wild,  
 To see himself soil'd,  
 Resolv'd to find Ways to bewitch her,  
 And humble her Pride,  
 Whatever betide,  
 He scorn'd to give way to the Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk Strephon, the Young,  
 Whose amorous Tongue  
 Was baited with Words to bewitch her,  
 The God did prepare,  
 To combat the Fair,  
 And try'd to out-rival her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 And try'd, &c.

Young

Young Strephon drew nigh her,  
 And flush'd with Desire,  
 Try'd Kisses and Oaths to bewitch her,  
 He prattl'd and toy'd,  
 But still she reply'd,  
 Pish, let go the Hold of my Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 Pish, let go, &c.

But this cunning Spark,  
 So well took his Mark,  
 He found out the Way to o'er-reach her,  
 He gave her a Trip,  
 Which happen'd to slip  
 The mystical Knot of her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 The mystical, &c.

And thus having ended  
 The Thing he intended,  
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her,  
 She cry'd, No, no, no;  
 But yet I can't go:  
 Now do what you will with my Twitcher, dear Boy,  
 Now do, &c.

## S O N G    LXV.

**A**S Celadon once from his Cottage did stray,  
 To court his dear Jug on a hillock of Hay.  
 What aukward confusion oppress'd the poor swain,  
 When thus he deliver'd his passion in pain.

O Joy of my heart, and delight of my eyes,  
 Sweet Jug, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies:  
 My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,  
 And sleeping or waking thy name I repeat.

When swains to an alehouse by force do me lug,  
 Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jug;  
 And sure you can't chide at repeating your name,  
 When the Nightingale every night does the same.

Sweet Jug he a hundred times o'er does repeat,  
 Which makes people say, that his voice is so sweet,  
 Ah! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful tale?  
 Too well I'm assur'd that my words won't prevail:

For Roger, the thatcher, possesses thy breast,  
 As he at our last harvest supper confest.

I own it, says Jug, he has gotten my heart,  
His long curling hair looks so pretty and smart.

His eyes are so black, and his cheeks are so red,  
They prevail more with me, than all you have said;  
Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,  
'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the man.

## S O N G LXVI.

A Very pretty fancy, a brave gallanta shewe,  
A very pretty fancy a brave gallanta shewe,  
E juste come from France, a very pretty fancy  
E juste come from France, toute nouveau.

De first ting be de true picture of de great magnificent City of  
Londre,

Dat fill every part of de vorld vid surprize, pleasure, and  
vonder,

Here de cunning French, de wise Italian and Spaniard runne,  
And vere can de go elfe, morbleau, to get quarter of de money.

And for de Diversions, dat make a de pleasure for this great  
town,

Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never was  
known;

Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italian Opera do sweetly  
found,

Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred thousand  
pound.

Here be de famous comediens of de vorld, de troupe  
Italien,

Dat make a de poor English veep, because dey vil troupe home  
again;

De toder place be Mademoiselle Violante shew a thousand  
trick,

She jump upon de rope ten storie high and never break her  
neck.

Here be de wise managers shew all de wisdom of deir  
brain,

Dat make a de fine ting of Vagnar and Abericock in Drury  
Lane,

See how dey turn about, for deir own Diversion, in de flying  
chair:

So prodigious entertainment vil never be dis thousand  
year.

S O N G LXVII.

M I T H E R.

**A**ULD Rob. Morris that wins in yon glen,  
He's the king of good fellows, and of auld men,  
Has fourscore black sheep, and fourscore too;  
Auld Rob. Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,  
For his eild and my eild can never agree;  
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,  
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,  
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;  
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too;  
Auld Rob. Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Auld Rob. Morris I ken him fou weel,  
His A— it flicks out like ony pot creel,  
He's cut-shinn'd, in-knee'd and ringle-ey'd too;  
Auld Rob. Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld Rob. Morris be an elderly man,  
Yet his auld brags it will buy a new pan;  
Then, daughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to thoo,  
For auld Rob. Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

But auld Rob. Morris I never will hae,  
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown grey;  
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;  
Sae mair of Rob. Morris I never will hear.

S O N G LXVIII.

**A** Wig that's full,  
An empty skull,  
A box of Burgamot;  
A hat ne'er made  
To fit his head,  
No more than that to plot.

A hand that's white,  
A ring that's right,

A sword

A sword, knot, patch, and feather :  
 A gracious smile,  
 And grounds and oil,  
 Do very well together.

A smatch of French,  
 And none of sense,  
 All-conquering airs and graces ;  
 A tune that thrills,  
 A leer that kills,  
 Steal'n flights and borrow'd phrases.

A chariot gilt,  
 To wait on jilt,  
 A backward pace and carriage  
 A foreign tour,  
 Domestic whore,  
 And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham,  
 G—— d—— ye, m'am,  
 A smock-face, tho' a mann'd one,  
 A peaceful sword,  
 Not one wise word,  
 But state and prate at random.

Duns, bastards, claps,  
 And am'rous scraps  
 Of Celia and Amadis,  
 Toss up a beau,  
 That grand ragout,  
 That hodge-podge for the ladies.

## S O N G LXIX.

**A** Pedlar proud, as I heard tell,  
 He came into a town ;  
 With certain wares he had to sell,  
 Which he cry'd up and down :  
 And first of all he did begin  
 With ribbands, laces, points, or pins,  
 Gartering, girdling, tape, or filleting,  
 Maids, any coney-skins.  
 I have of your fine perfum'd gloves,  
 And made of the best doe-skin ;  
 Such as young men do give their loves.  
 When they their favour win :  
 Besides, he had many a prettier thing,  
 Than ribbands, &c.

I have

I have of your fine necklaces,  
As ever you did behold ;  
And of your silk handkerchief,  
That are lac'd round with gold :  
Besides, he had many a prettier thing,  
Than ribbands, &c.

Good fellow, says one, and smiling fate,  
Your measure does somewhat pinch,  
Beside, you measure at such a rate,  
It wants above an inch.  
And then he shew'd her a prettier thing,  
Than ribbands, &c.

The lady was pleas'd with what she had seen.  
And vow'd, and did protest,  
Unless he'd shew it her once again,  
She ne'er shou'd be at rest :  
With that he shew'd her a prettier thing,  
Than ribbands, &c.

With that the pedlar began to huff,  
And said his measure was good,  
If that she pleas'd to try his stuff,  
And take it whilst it stood :  
And then he gave her a prettier thing,  
Than ribbands, &c.

Good fellow, said she, when you come again  
Pray bring good store of ware ;  
And for new customers do not sing,  
For I'll take all and to spare :  
With that she hugg'd his prettier thing  
Than ribbands, or laces, points, or, &c.

SONG LXX.

**A** Soldier and a Sailor,  
A Tinker and a Taylor,  
Had once a doubtful strife, fir,  
To make a maid a wife, fir,  
Whose name was buxom Joan ;  
For now the time was ended  
When she no more intended  
To lick her lips at man, fir,  
Nor gnaw the sheet in vain, fir,  
And lie a-nights alone.

The Soldier swore like thunder  
He lov'd her more than plunder ;

And

And shew'd her many a scar, fir,  
Which he had brought from far, fir,  
In fighting for her sake.

The Taylor thought to please her,  
By off 'ring her his measure ;  
The Tinker too, with metal,  
Said he wou'd mend her kettle,  
And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,  
The Sailor sily waiting,  
Thought if it came about, fir,  
That they should all fall out, fir,

He then might play his part :  
And just e'en as he meant, fir,  
To loggerheads they went, fir,  
And then he let fly at her  
A shot 'twixt wind and water,  
Which won this fair maid's heart.

## S O N G LXXI.

**A** Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,  
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
No ambition had he, and no duns at his gate.  
Derry down, &c.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,  
If at night he could purchase a jagg of brown nappy ;  
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,  
Saying just to a hair have I made both ends meet.  
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau ;  
He shot the poor cobler quite thorough the heart,  
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.  
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;  
Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,  
That she shot the poor cobler quite over the way.  
Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :  
Whenever he spake she would founce and would sneer,  
Which put the poor cobler quite into despair.  
Derry down, &c.

He

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;  
 He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole,  
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll :  
 Derry down, &c.

And now in good will, I advise, as a friend,  
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :  
 Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's pass,  
 That love brings us all to an end at the last.  
 Derry down, &c.

## S O N G LXXII.

**A**RM, arm, the generous Britons cry,  
 Let us live free, or let us die ;  
 Trumpets sounding, banners flying,  
 Braving tyrants, chains defying :  
 Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,  
 Let us live free, or let us die ;  
 Liberty ! Liberty !  
 Liberty ! Liberty !

## S O N G LXXIII.

**A**Taylor, good Lord, in the time of vacation,  
 When cabbage was scarcer, and when pocket was low,  
 For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion,  
 To one that sold ale in Cuckoldly Row ;  
 Now a louse made him itch ;  
 Here a scratch, there a stitch,  
 And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

One day she came up, when at work in his garret  
 To tell what he ow'd that his score he might know.  
 Says he, it is all very right I declare it ;  
 Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go ?  
 Now a louse, &c.

Says prick-louse, my jewel, I love you most dearly,  
 My breast ev'ry minute still hotter does glow.  
 Aye, only, says she, for the juice of my barley,  
 And other good drink in my cellar below.  
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he, you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,  
 Which I dare not name, and you care not to shew.  
 Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,  
 What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow ?  
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he, 'tis a thing that has never a handle,  
 'Tis hid in the dark, and it lies pretty low;  
 Said she, then I fear that you must have a candle,  
 Or else the wrong way you may happen to go  
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was charcoal,  
 Tho' I never was there, yet the way do I know:  
 Says she, if it be such a terrible dark hole,  
 Don't offer to grope out your way to it to:  
 Now a louse, &c.

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it,  
 For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;  
 Says she, do not towzle me so, for I hate it,  
 I vow bye-and bye you will make me cry, ch:  
 So they both went to work,  
 Now a kiss, then a jirk,  
 And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

The taylor arose, when the business was over,  
 Says he, you will rub out the score ere you go:  
 Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a lover,  
 I'm not such a fool I'd have you to know;  
 Now a louse made him itch,  
 Here a scratch, there a stitch,  
 And sing cucumber, cucumber ho.

## S O N G LXXIV.

**A**S it fell on a holy-day,  
 As it fell on a holy-day,  
 And upon a holy day tide-a,  
 And upon a holy-day tide-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,  
 A little before the gate-a;  
 John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,  
 To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,  
 Was good King John of France a;  
 John Dory could well of his courtesie,  
 But fell down in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,  
 For my merry men, and for me a:  
 And all the churls in merry England,  
 I'll bring them bound to thee a.

And

And Nichol was then a Cornish man,  
 A little beside Bohide a ;  
 And he mann'd forth a good black bark,  
 With fifty good oars on a side a.  
 Run up, my boy, unto the main top,  
 And look what thou canst spy a ;  
 Why ho! why ho! a ship I do see,  
 I trow it is John Dory a.  
 They hoist their sails, both fore and top,  
 The mizen and all wa' try'd a,  
 And every man stood to his lot,  
 Whatever should betide a.  
 The roaring cannons then were ply'd :  
 And dub a dub went the drum a ;  
 The sounding trumpets loud they cry'd,  
 To courage all and some a.  
 The grappling hooks were brought at length,  
 The brown bitl, and the sword a ;  
 John Dory at length, for all his strength,  
 Was clapp'd fast under board a.

## S O N G LXXV.

**B**ACCHUS, assist us to sing thy great glory,  
 Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story,  
 Wine's first projector,  
 Mankind's protector,  
 Patron to topers,  
 How we do adore thee.  
 Wine's first projector, &c.  
 Friend to the muses, and whetstone to Venus,  
 Herald to pleasures, when wine wou'd convene us.  
 Sorrow's physician,  
 When our condition,  
 In worldly cares wants a cordial to screen us.  
 Nature, she smil'd, when thy birth it was blazed :  
 Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were rais'd :  
 Mirth will be flowing,  
 Whilst the vine's growing,  
 And sober souls at our joys be amazed.

## S O N G LXXVI

**B**acchus one day gaily striding,  
 On his never failing tun,  
 Sneaking empty pots deriding,  
 Thus address'd each toping ion:  
 Praise the joys that never vary,  
 And adore the liquid shrine;  
 All things noble, gay, and airy,  
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with Glory,  
 Owe their noble rise to me;  
 Poets wrote the flaming story,  
 Fir'd by my divinity:  
 If my influence is wanting,  
 Musick's charms but slowly move;  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,  
 Till I fill the swain with love.

If you'd crown the lasting pleasure,  
 Mortals, this way bend your eyes;  
 From my ever-flowing Treasure,  
 Charming scenes of bliss arise.  
 Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,  
 Sole dispeller of your pain,  
 Gloomy souls from care release.  
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

## S O N G LXXVII

**B**USY, curious thirstily fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I.  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up:  
 Make the most of Life you may,  
 Life is short, and wears away,  
 Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hast'ning quick to their decline.  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Tho' repeated to threescore;  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one,  
 Will appear, &c.

S O N G

## S O N G LXXVIII.

**B**acchus must now his power resign,  
 I am the only God of wine;  
 It is not fit that rogue should be  
 In competition set with me,  
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye pow'rs divine,  
 Stock it with nothing else but wine;  
 Let wine its only product be,  
 Let wine be earth, be air, and sea,  
 And let that wine be all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear  
 A tedious life in anxious care:  
 Let the ambitious toil and think,  
 Let states or empires swim or sink,  
 My sole ambition is to drink.

## S O N G LXXIX.

**B**ritons, where is your great magnanimity  
 Where's your boasted courage flown?  
 Quite perverted to pusillanimity,  
 Scarce to call yourselves your own.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,  
 Crown'd with conquest in the field;  
 You'd relinquish; and O most ingloriously,  
 To oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,  
 See her weeping quit the shore;  
 Britain's Loss will be then past comparative,  
 Never to behold her more.

Gracious God! to assist exurgitate,  
 Stretch forth thy vindictive hand;  
 Make oppressors their plunder regurgitate,  
 And preserve a sinking land.

## S O N G LXXX.

**B**y drinking drive dull care away,  
 Be brisk and airy,  
 Never vary  
 In your tempers, but be gay:

Let nuth know no cessation.  
 We all were born (mankind agree)  
 From dull reflection to be free,  
 But he that drinks not, cannot be  
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,  
 Then all our whining,  
 Withing, striving  
 To embrace the beauty yields,  
 Is lost when in possession;  
 But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,  
 Possession never palls its worth,  
 We always wish'd for't from our birth,  
 And shall for ever with-on

All malice here is flung aside,  
 Each take his glass,  
 No healths do pass,  
 Nor party feuds here e'er abide,  
 They nought but ill occasion;  
 We only meet to celebrate,  
 The day which brought us to this state,  
 But not to curse, nor yet to hate,  
 The hour of our creation.

## S O N G LXXXI

**B**low, Boreas, blow, and let thy fury winds  
 Make the billows foam and roar;  
 Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds,  
 But spite of thee we'll live, and find a shore.  
 Then cheer, my mates, and be not aw'd,  
 But keep the gun-room clear;  
 Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the devils roar abroad,  
 Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!  
 The mounting top-mast touch'd a star,  
 The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the clouds we came  
 And, salamander like, we liv'd in flame.  
 But now, now we sink! now we go  
 Down to the deepest shades below:  
 Alas! alas! where are we now!  
 Who, who can tell?  
 Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell,  
 Or where the sea-gods dwell:

With

With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign;  
 With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink again;  
 But see! we mount! see! see! we rise again!

## S O N G LXXXII

**B**acchus is a pow'r divine,  
 For he no sooner fills my head  
 With mighty wine,  
 But all my cares resign,  
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead;  
 Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,  
 And I in riches flow,  
 At least I fancy so;  
 And without thought of want I sing,  
 Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,  
 With flow'rs weav'd into a garland, crown'd;  
 Then, then I begin to live,  
 And scorn what all the world can shew or give  
 Let the brave fools that fondly think  
 Of honour, and delight  
 To make a noise, a noise, and fight,  
 Go seek out war, whilst I seek peace,  
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,  
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.  
 Then fill my glass, fill, fill it high;  
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die:  
 But when bottles are rang'd,  
 Make war with me,  
 The fighting fool shall see,  
 When I am sunk,  
 The difference to lie dead,  
 And lie dead drunk:  
 The fighting fool, &c.

## S O N G LXXXIII.

**B**Risk Claret and Sherry  
 Will make us all merry;  
 Then fill the glass, fill the glass readily round;  
 Put it o'er the left thumb,  
 Tho' the company's dumb,  
 'Twill open their pipes with a musical sound.  
 'Twill open, &c.  
 Then so, la, me, fa,  
 With a note on cla;

Then

Then higher, then higher perhaps it may rise.  
 Fill a bumper about,  
 For without any doubt,  
 Jolly Bacchus, jolly Bacchus is prais'd to the skies,  
 Is prais'd to the skies.

## S O N G · LXXXIV.

**B**Y the beer as brown as berry,  
 By the cyder and the perry,  
 Which so oft has made us merry.  
 With a hey down, ho down, derry, S.

Mauzelinda's I'll remain;  
 True blue will never stain:  
 Mauzelinda's I'll remain;  
 True blue will never stain.  
 True, &c.

## S O N G LXXXV.

**C**OME, ye heroes, fam'd in story,  
 For the great exploits you've done,  
 And record the lasting glory,  
 Of great George's warlike son.  
 He whose brave undaunted spirit,  
 In his fire and country's cause,  
 Shines amongst distinguish'd merit,  
 And has gain'd the world's applause.

Flanders first beheld with wonder,  
 When his prowess he display'd,  
 And tho' 'midst of Gallick thunder,  
 He, brave soul, was ne'er dismay'd.  
 Tho' in battle there defeated,  
 None could him or army blame,  
 For in order they retreated,  
 And by numbers was o'ercame.

When Britannia seem'd to languish,  
 And requir'd his presence here,  
 To assuage the nation's anguish,  
 See the martial youth appear,  
 To relieve each subject fighting,  
 How he hasten'd to their aid.  
 Swift as lightning see him flying,  
 Whilst as swift the Rebels fled.

Trembling

Trembling still they fly before him,  
 At the sound of William's name,  
 Whilst his followers all adore him,  
 And each soldier spreads his fame.  
 May the choicest bliss attend him,  
 And where e'er the hero goes,  
 May kind heaven still befriend him,  
 To subdue his country's foes.

## S O N G LXXXVI.

Come listen a while, my friends, to my ditty,  
 The which I shall now tell you here,  
 This story was told which I shall unfold,  
 It was over a pot of good beer.  
 When money was plenty, but now it's grown scanty,  
 And riches did merrily flow,  
 But now all the nation is full of vexation,  
 When the times will mend no-body knows.  
 Here is bite upon bite, a knave's the best man,  
 Wife men without money are fools,  
 Cheats, bites and knaves, make honest men slaves,  
 It's money that bears now the rule.  
 A gentleman born is now held in scorn,  
 If by crosses he fall to decay,  
 He's despis'd like a beggar, both by friend and neighbour,  
 The more is the pity I say.  
 A man that is wise, he saves up his money,  
 To serve for a cold winter's day,  
 It will stand his best friend, he will find in the end  
 When his friends they are all flown away  
 A wife that in summer provides for the winter,  
 He's blest that has got such a dame,  
 For a kind-loving wife is the joy of man's life,  
 So is victuals and money the same.  
 It would move you with pity, to walk thro' the city,  
 To hear the poor tradesmen complain,  
 Kind heaven that sent us a plentiful season,  
 But the rich they enjoy the same  
 There's provision enough, and good I declare,  
 But the poor have no money to buy,  
 We have a sight and a smell, when the rich have their fill,  
 They won't hear cold Charity cry

Bumbari liff

Bum-bailiffs and lawyers deliciously fare,  
 Their trade it goes merrily on,  
 For we must have food, and cloaths for to wear,  
 Tho' in debt for the same we do run.  
 This great world's but a pain, our labour's in vain,  
 Let's drink with a merry good cheer,  
 Who knows but kind fortune will turn once again,  
 And the times will be better next year ?  
 Let's down with all sorrow, who knows but to-morrow,  
 We die with a heart full of care ;  
 This world is a bite, if you'll take me but right,  
 As plainly it now does appear,  
 He plays his cards fair, that can both lie and swear,  
 And get all his cash by the Bite,  
 He lives and grows great, whilst an honest man's fate,  
 Is to labour and get little by't.  
 A man that loves sotting will never grow rich,  
 The publicans get all his store,  
 I pity that honest man with all my heart,  
 That in marriage is join'd to a whore :  
 And a wife that loves gin, will make his back thin ;  
 Her children by poverty's known :  
 And he that meddles with matters of state,  
 Had better to let them alone.

## S O N G LXXXVII.

**C**AN I view a doating ass,  
 Cringing to a scornful lass,  
 And not burst my sides with ha, ha, ha ?  
 Or behold a haughty fair,  
 Giving sentence of despair,  
 Nor the farce deride with ha, ha, ha ?  
 Tho' I flatter, sigh, and whine,  
 When I hope to have her mine ;  
 Yet when frolick makes her prance,  
 I give musick to her dance,  
 And tune her pride with ha, ha, ha.

## S O N G LXXXVIII.

**C**OME fill up the bowl with the liquor that fine is,  
 And much more divine is,  
 Than now-a-days wine is, with all their arts,  
 None here can controul !

The vintner despising, tho' brandy be rising,  
 'Tis punch that must cheer the heart :  
 The lover's complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,  
 And Celia disdaining, shall cease to be nice.  
 Come fill up the bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover the cheat of each lover,  
 When free from all care you'll quickly find,  
 As nature intended 'em, willing and kind :  
 Come fill up the bowl, &c.

## SONG LXXXIX.

COME let's drink, the time invites,  
 Winter and cold weather,  
 For to pass away long nights,  
 And to keep good wits together ;  
 Better far than cards or dice,  
 Or Isaac's ball, that quaint device,  
 Made up with fan and feather.

Of grand actions on the seas,  
 We will ne'er be jealous ;  
 Give us liquor that will please,  
 And will make us braver fellows,  
 Than the bold Venetian fleet,  
 When the Turks and they do meet,  
 Within the Dardanellas.

Mahomet was no divine,  
 But a senseless widgeon ;  
 To forbid the use of wine,  
 Unto those of his religion ;  
 Falling-sickness was his shame,  
 And his fame shall have the blame,  
 For all his whispering pigeon.

Valentia, that famous town,  
 Stood the Frenchmen's wonder ;  
 Water it employ'd to drown,  
 And to cut their troops afunder.  
 Turenne cast a helpless look,  
 Whilst the crafty Spaniards took  
 La Ferte and his plunder.

Therefore water we disdain,  
 Mankind's adversary ;  
 Once it caus'd the world's whole frame  
 In a deluge to miscarry :

Nay, the enemies of joy,  
 Seek with envy to destroy,  
     And murder good canary.  
 Sack's the prince's surest guard,  
     If he wou'd but try it ;  
 No rebellion e'er was heard,  
     Where the subjects soundly ply it ;  
 And three constables at most,  
 Are enough to quell an host,  
     That thus disturbs our quiet.  
 Drink about your full-brim bowls,  
     See there be no shrinking,  
 For to quench your thirsty souls,  
     We of projects are not thinking ;  
 But a way we will devise,  
 How to make our colours rise,  
     And our notes rich with drinking.  
 Cause the rubies to appear  
     In their orient lustre ;  
 Pottle pots bring up the rear,  
     For our forces we muster.  
 Signor Gallon leads the van,  
 He hath taken many a man,  
 And drowns 'em in a clutter.  
 Sack it doth inspire the wit,  
     Tho' the brain be muddy :  
 Some that ne'er knew nothing, yet  
     By its virtue fall to study.  
 He that tipples up good sack,  
 Finds sound marrow in the back,  
     That's wholesome for the belly.  
 All the faculties of man,  
     Are enrich'd by this treasure ;  
 He that first this bowl began,  
     Let him give to all his measure :  
 Sack is like ætherial fire,  
 Which doth kindle new desire,  
     To do a woman pleasure.  
 Sack doth make the spirit bold,  
     ' Tis like the Muses' nectar ;  
 Some that silent tongues did hold,  
     Now can speak a learned lecture ;  
 By the flowing of the tub,  
 They can break Alcides' club,  
     And take the crown from Hector.

We never covet to be rich,  
 With commerce, or with trading;  
 Nor have we a zealous itch,  
 Tho' quondam means are fading;  
 But our vessel's all our store,  
 And wits are how to get at more  
 Good sack, and that's our iading.

We that drink good sack in plate,  
 To make us blithe and jelly,  
 Never plot against the state,  
 To be punish'd for such folly;  
 But the merry glass and pipe,  
 Make our senses quick and ripe,  
 And expel melancholy.

See the squibs, and hear the bells,  
 The fifth day of November;  
 The preacher a sad story tells,  
 And with horror doth remember.  
 How some dry-brain'd traitors wrought,  
 Plots, that would to ruin brought  
 Both king and ev'ry member.

We that drink have no such thoughts,  
 Blind and void of reason:  
 We take care to fill our vaults,  
 With good wine at ev'ry season:  
 And with many a cheerful cup  
 We blow one another up,  
 And that's our only treason.

## S O N G X C.

COME, take your glass, the Northern lass,  
 So prettily advis'd;  
 I drank her health, and really was  
 Agreeably surpriz'd.  
 Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,  
 Her air and mien so free;  
 The Syren charm'd me from my meat,  
 But take your drink, said she.

If from the North such beauty came,  
 How is it that I feel  
 Within my breast that glowing flame,  
 No tongue can e'er reveal?

Tho' cold and raw the North wind blow,  
 All summer's on her breast;  
 Her skin was like the driven snow,  
 But Sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may Southern climates melt,  
 Tho' frozen now it seems;  
 That joy with pain be equal felt,  
 And balanc'd in extremes.  
 Then like our genial Wine she'll charm,  
 With love my panting breast:  
 Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm;  
 Be ice to all the rest.

## S O N G XCI

C Ome, let us drink,  
 'Tis in vain to think,  
 Like Fools, on grief or sadness;  
 Let our money fly,  
 And our sorrow die,  
 All worldly care is madness.

But wine and good cheer,  
 Will, in spite of our fear,  
 Inspire our hearts with mirth, boys;  
 The time we live,  
 To wine let us give,  
 Since all must turn to earth, boys:

Hand about the bowl,  
 The delight of my soul,  
 And to my hand commend it;  
 A fig for chink,  
 'Twas made to buy drink,  
 And before we go hence we'll spend it.

## S O N G XCII

C Ome, cheer up your hearts,  
 And call for your quarts,  
 And let there no liquor be lacking:  
 We have money in store,  
 And intend for to roar,  
 Until we have sent it all packing:  
 Then, drawer, make haste,  
 And let no time waste,

But give ev'ry man his due,  
 To avoid all trouble,  
 Go fill the pot double,  
 Since he that made one, made two,  
 Since he that made one, made two.

Come drink, my heart, drink,  
 And call for more wine;  
 'Tis that makes a man to speak truly,  
 What Sot can refrain,  
 Or daily complain,  
 That he, in his drink, is unruly?  
 Then drink and be civil,  
 Intending no Evil,  
 If that you'll be rul'd by me;  
 For Claret and Sack,  
 We never will lack,  
 Since he that made two, made three,  
 Since he, &c.

The old Curmudgeon,  
 Sits all the day drudging,  
 At home, with brown Bread and small Beer;  
 With scraping earn'd pelf,  
 He starveth himself,  
 Scarce eats a good meal in a year:  
 But we'll not do so,  
 Howe'er the world go,  
 Since that we have money in store;  
 For Claret and Sack,  
 We never will lack,  
 Since he that made three made four,  
 Since he, &c.

Come drink, my hearts, drink,  
 And call for your wine;  
 D'ye think I'll leave you i'th' lurch?  
 My reck'ning I'll pay,  
 Ere I go away,  
 Or hang me as high as Paul's Church;  
 Tho' some men will say,  
 This is not the way,  
 For us in this world to thrive;  
 'Tis no matter for that,  
 Let us have t'other quart,  
 Since he that made four made five,  
 Since he, &c.

A pox of old Charon,  
 His brains are all barren,  
 His liquor (like Coffee) is dry,  
 But we are for wine,  
 'Tis drink more divine,  
 Without it we perish and die.  
 Then troll it about,  
 Until 'tis all out,  
 We'll affront him in spite of his Sty,  
 If he grudges his ferry,  
 We'll drink and be merry,  
 Since he that made five, made six,  
 Since he, &c.

But now the time's come,  
 That we all must go home,  
 Our liquor's all gone, that's for certain,  
 Which makes me repine,  
 That a God so divine,  
 Wont give us one cup at our parting,  
 But since all is paid,  
 Let's not be dismay'd,  
 But fly to great Bacchus in Heaven;  
 And chide him, because  
 He made no better laws,  
 Since he that made six, made seven,  
 Since he, &c.

## S O N G XCHL.

**C**Old and raw the north did blow,  
 Bleak in the morning early,  
 All the fields were hid with snow,  
 Cover'd with winter yearly;  
 As I was riding o'er the slough,  
 I met with a farmer's daughter,  
 Her rosy cheeks and bonny brow;  
 Good faith, my mouth did water.

Down I veil'd my honest love,  
 Meaning to show my breeding,  
 She return'd a graceful boy,  
 Her visage far exceeding.  
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,  
 And long'd to hold a parley;  
 She told me to the next market-town,  
 On purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I,  
 Twenty pounds lie fairly;  
 Seek no further on to buy,  
 For I'll take all thy barley:  
 Twenty pounds more shall purchase delight,  
 Thy person I love so dearly,  
 If thou wilt lig with me all night,  
 And gang home in the morning early.

If forty pounds would buy the globe,  
 This thing I would not do, sir;  
 Or were my friends as poor as Job,  
 I'd never raise them so, sir:  
 For should you prove one night my friend,  
 We'll get a young kid together,  
 And you'd be gone ere nine months end,  
 Then where should I find the father?

Pray what would then my parent say,  
 If I should be so silly,  
 To give my maidenhead away,  
 And lose my true love Billy?  
 Oh, this would bring me to disgrace,  
 And therefore I say you nay, sir,  
 And if that you would me embrace,  
 First marry, and then you may, sir.

I told her I had wedded been,  
 Fourteen years and longer;  
 Else I'd chuse her for my Queen,  
 And tie the knot still stronger.  
 She bid me then no farther come,  
 But manage my wedlock fairly,  
 And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,  
 For some other should buy her barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,  
 She rode away and left me,  
 After her I could not go,  
 Of joy she quite bereft me;  
 Thus I myself did disappoint,  
 For she did leave me fairly;  
 One word knockt all things out of joint,  
 I lost both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,  
 Some two or three hours after,  
 Then I chanc'd to meet again,  
 This farmer's bonny daughter.

Altho' it was both raw and cold,  
 I staid to hold a parley,  
 And shew'd once more my purse of gold,  
 When as she had sold her barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,  
 But let us change embraces;  
 I'll buy thee a fine silken gown,  
 With ribbands, gloves, or lace;  
 A ring and bodkin, muslin and fan,  
 No lady shall have neater;  
 For, as I am an honest man,  
 I never saw a sweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,  
 And said, my dearest Jewel,  
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,  
 I prithee be not cruel.  
 She found my mind was fully bent,  
 To please my fond desire;  
 Therefore she seemed to consent,  
 But I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,  
 If I commit this evil,  
 And yield myself in love with you,  
 I hope you will prove civil:  
 You talk of ribbands, gloves, and rings,  
 And likewise gold and treasure;  
 Oh, let me first enjoy those things,  
 And then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obey'd,  
 Said I, my own dear honey;  
 Then into her lap I quickly laid,  
 Full forty pounds in money.  
 We'll to the market-town this day,  
 And straitway end this quarrel;  
 And deck thee like a lady gay,  
 In flourishing rich apparel.

All my gold and silver there,  
 To her I did deliver;  
 On the road we did repair,  
 Out-coming to a river,  
 Whose waters are both deep and wide,  
 Such rivers I ne'er saw many;  
 She leapt her mare on t'other side,  
 And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,  
 With grief and care surrounded;  
 After her I could not go,  
 For fear of being drowned:  
 She turned about, and said, behold  
 I'm not for your devotion;  
 But, sir, I thank you for your gold,  
 'Twill serve t'enlarge my portion

I began to stamp and stare,  
 To see what she had acted;  
 With my hands I tore my Hair,  
 Like one that was distracted.  
 Give me my money then, I cry'd,  
 Good faith I did but lend it;  
 But she full fast away did ride,  
 And vow'd she did not intend it.

## S O N G XCIV.

Come fill me a glass, fill it high,  
 A bumper a bumper I'll have;  
 He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an inch,  
 Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,  
 Who like me, will never give o'er,  
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their bows,  
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown reason and all such weak foes,  
 I scorn to obey her command;  
 Cou'd she ever suppose, I'd be led by the nose,  
 And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation's a beauty to fools,  
 A foe to the Joys of dear drinking,  
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,  
 And bring us to politick thinking.

Fill'em all, I'll have six in my hand,  
 For I've trifled an age away:  
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand  
 Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,  
 We'll drink the universe dry,  
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out.  
 If once we grow sober we die.

## S O N G XCV.

Come, all ye jolly Bacchanals,  
 That love to tope good wine,  
 Let us cherish a long head  
 Unto our waders' end;  
 And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,  
 For I'll give a reason why;  
 'Tis a great sin to leave a house,  
 'Till we've drank the cellar dry.  
 And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,  
 I drank the Water clear;  
 But Bacchus took me from that rule.  
 He thought 'twas too severe.  
 And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,  
 And bade me take a sup;  
 But had it been a gallon pot,  
 By Jove, I'd toss'd it up.  
 And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy time,  
 Good Wine has been my cheer;  
 Now nothing puts me in a swoon,  
 But water, or small beer.  
 And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,  
 And never slack nor fly;  
 But fill our skins with must of Wine,  
 And drain the bottles dry.  
 And a toping, &c.

## S O N G XCVI.

Come, come, my hearts of gold,  
 Let us be merry and wise,  
 It is a proverb of old,  
 Suspicion has don'd his eyes,  
 Whatsoever we say or do,  
 Let's not drink to disturb our brain;  
 Let's laugh for an hour or two,  
 And ne'er be drunk again.

A cup of old Sack is good,  
 To drive the cold winter away;  
 'Twill cherish and comfort the blood,  
 Most when a man's spirit decay:  
 But he that doth drink too much,  
 Of his head he will complain;  
 Then let's have a gentle touch,  
 And ne'er, &c.

Good Claret was made for Man,  
 But Man was not made for it;  
 Let's be merry as we can,  
 So we drink not away our wit:  
 Good fellowship is abus'd,  
 And wine will infect the brain;  
 But we'll have it better us'd,  
 And ne'er, &c.

When with good fellows we meet,  
 A quart among three or four,  
 'Twill make us stand on our feet,  
 While others lie drunk on the floor.  
 Then, drawer, fill us a quart,  
 And let it be Claret in grain;  
 'Twill cherish and comfort the heart,  
 But we'll ne'er, &c.

Here's a health to our noble King,  
 And to the Queen of his heart;  
 Let's laugh and merrily sing,  
 And he's a coward that will start:  
 Here's a health to our general,  
 And to those that were in Spain;  
 And eke to our colonel,  
 And we'll ne'er, &c.

Enough's as good as a feast,  
 If a man did but measure know;  
 A drunkard's worse than a beast,  
 For he'll drink till he cannot go,  
 If a man could time recall,  
 In a tavern that's spent in vain,  
 We'd learn to be sober all,  
 And we'd ne'er, &c.

## S O N G    XCVII.

**C**ome, let us drink, and down all sorrow,  
 For perhaps we may not for perhaps we may not,  
 For perhaps we may not meet here to-morrow.

He that goes to bed, goes to bed sober,  
 Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do,  
 Falls as the leaves do in October.

This will cure the head-ach, the cough, and the phthisick,  
 This is to all men, this is to all men,  
 This is to all men the best phylick.

## S O N G    XCVIII.

**C**ome, let us prepare,  
 We brothers that are,  
 Met together on merry occasio  
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,  
 Our wine has a spring:  
 Here's a health to an accepted Mason.

The world is in pain,  
 Our Secret to gain,  
 But still let them wonder and gaze on;  
 Till they're shown the light,  
 They'll ne'er know the right  
 Word, or sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that;  
 They cannot tell what,  
 Why so many great men in the nation,  
 Should aprons put on,  
 To make themselves one,  
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,  
 Have laid by their swords,  
 This our myst'ry to put a good grace on;  
 And ne'er be asham'd,  
 To hear themselves nam'd,  
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride,  
 We have on our side,

It makes each man just in his station ;  
 There's nought but what's good,  
 To be understood,  
 By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,  
 We're just to the fair,  
 They'll trust us on every occasion ;  
 No mortal can more,  
 The ladies adore,  
 Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,  
 To each other firm stand,  
 Let's be merry and put a bright face on  
 No mortal can boast,  
 So noble a toast,  
 As a free and an accepted Mason.

S O N G      XCIX.

**C**ome, let's be merry,  
 While we've good Sherry ;  
 Come, let's be airy,  
 Sprightly, and gay :  
 Good wine's a pleasure,  
 The only treasure  
 That makes us joyful,  
 By night or day.

Wine makes us jolly,  
 Cures Melancholy,  
 Drowns all our folly,  
 Makes our hearts glad ;  
 While we're possessing,  
 That glorious blessing,  
 Good wine caressing,  
 Let's not be sad.

S O N G      C.

**D**runk I was last night, that's poz,  
 My wife began to scold ;  
 Say what I could for my heart's blood,  
 Her clack she would not hold.  
 Thus her chat she did begin,  
 Is this your time of coming in ?  
 The clock strikes one, you'll be undone,  
 If thus you lead your life.

My

My dear, said I, I can't deny,  
 But what you say is true ;  
 I do intend my life to mend,  
 Pray lend's the Pot to spew.  
 Fye, you sot, I ne'er can bear,  
 To rise thus ev'ry night ;  
 Tho' like a beast you never care  
 What consequence comes by't.

The child and I may starve for you ;  
 We neither can have half our due ;  
 With grief I find, you're so unkind,  
 In time you'll break my heart :  
 At that I smil'd, and said, dear child,  
 I believe you're in the wrong ;  
 But if't should be your destiny,  
 I'll sing a merry song.

## S O N G C I.

**D**iogenes furly and proud,  
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,  
 Delighted in wine that was good,  
 Because in good wine there is Truth :  
 But growing as poor as was Job,  
 And unable to purchase a flask,  
 He chose for his mansion a tub,  
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny,  
 To tittle and cherish his heart,  
 And when he was maudling, would cry,  
 Because he had empty'd his quart :  
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
 He wept at men's follies and vice,  
 When 'twas only his custom to drink,  
 'Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad,  
 Of a bumper to clear up his soul,  
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,  
 When over a full flowing bowl :  
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,  
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
 And when he was drunk as a lord,  
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
 And thought that a cup of the best  
 Made reason the better to shine;  
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
 And made his philosophy reel,  
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,  
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, the master of arts,  
 Had been but a dunce without wine,  
 And what we ascribe to his parts,  
 Is due to the juice of the vine:  
 His belly some authors agree,  
 Was big as a watering trough;  
 He therefore leapt into the sea,  
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato the learned divine,  
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good wine,  
 His merits we ne'er should have known:  
 By Wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes fancy with wings,  
 Without it we ne'er should have had  
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

## S O N G CIL

**F**ILL all the Glasses, fill 'em high,  
 Drink, drink, and defy all power but love:  
 Wine gives the slave his liberty;  
 But love makes a slave of thund'ring Jove.  
 Drink, drink away,  
 Make a night of the day,  
 'Tis Nectar, 'tis liquor divine;  
 The pleasures of life,  
 Free from anguish and strife,  
 Are owing to love and good wine.

## S O N G CIII.

**F**our and twenty fiddlers all in a row,  
 And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle.  
 It is my lady's birth-day,  
 Therefore we keep holiday,  
 And come to be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,  
And there was rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,  
And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,  
And there was tantara rara, tantara,  
And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty tabors and pipes all in a row,  
And there was whip a dub,  
And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty women all in a row,  
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,  
And whip a dub, &c.

Four and twenty singing-masters all in a row,  
And there was fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la,  
And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,  
And this, and that, and down to the legs clap, fir,  
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all in a row,  
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno,*  
*Sed plus damno decorum*; and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty vintners all in a row,  
And there was Claret and white,  
I ne'er drank worse in my life,  
And excellent good Canary,  
Drawn off the lees of Sherry,  
If you do not like it, *Omne quod*, &c.

Four and twenty parliament-men all in a row,  
And there was loyalty and reason,  
Without one word of treason,  
And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,  
And there was Alter Malter Vantor Dyker Shapen Kopen  
de Van Hogne Rottyck Vanton sick de Brille Van Boor-  
flyck, Van Foortflyck, and Soatrag Van Hogan Herien Van  
Donk.  
Rare Claret and White, &c.

## S O N G C I V.

Tune,—*The Commons and Peers.*

**F**ROM good liquor ne'er shrink,  
 In friendship we'll drink,  
 And drown all grim care and pale sorrow :  
 Let us husband the day,  
 For time flies swift away,  
 And no one's assur'd of to morrow.

Of all the gay sages  
 That grac'd the past ages,  
 Dad Noah the most did excel ;  
 He first planted the vine,  
 First tasted the wine,  
 And nobly got drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we  
 Get as busky as he,  
 Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?  
 Then fill up my glass,  
 I'll see that it pass  
 To the manes of that good old Sire.

## S O N G C V.

**G**OD save great George our King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King ;  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,  
 Scatter his enemies,  
 And make them fall ;  
 Confound their politicks,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On him our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On George be pleas'd to pour,  
 Long may he reign ;

K 2 .

May

May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To say with heart and voice,  
     God save the King.

Oh! grant that Marthal Wade  
 May, by thy mighty aid,  
     Victory bring;  
 May he sedition hush,  
 And like a torrent rush,  
 Rebellious Scots to crush,  
     God save the king.

Confound tall Jemmy's plot,  
 Pope, French and Spanish knot,  
     Confound them all.  
 Villains notorious,  
 Their scars inglorious,  
 Never shall conquer us,  
     Confound them all.

O Lord look down, and save  
 Thy sovereign George, the brave,  
     Our noble King;  
 Protect our church and state,  
 And make true Britons hate  
 Priests with bald-headed pate,  
     Of the French King.

Oh! now some people say,  
 Young Charles is run away,  
     Over to France;  
 'Cause he was sore afraid,  
 Of valiant Marthal Wade,  
 For if that he had staid,  
     He'd stood no chance.

Since this good news we bring,  
 Britons rejoice, and sing  
     God save the King;  
 And the royal family,  
 O may they multiply,  
 Sing til the day we die,  
     God save the King.

Let's drink a health to them,  
 Fill your glass to the brim,



God

God save the King ;  
 Heaven's grant the wars to cease,  
 That trading may encrease,  
 Unite in love and peace,  
 God save the king.

## S O N G C V I.

**G**affer and Gammer were fast in their nest,  
 And all the young fry of their cribs were possest,  
 Spot, Whitefoot, and Puffs, in the ashes were laid,  
 And a blinking ruth-candle just over their head.

Ursla was scouring her dishes and platter,  
 Preparing to make her good friend, the hog, fatter ;  
 Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,  
 Till her embroider'd clothes were ready to fry.

Roger the ploughman i'th 'chimney lay snoring,  
 Till Cupid, fore vex'd at his clownish adoring,  
 Did straightway convey to the great logger-head,  
 The whispering news, that they were all a-bed.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,  
 Straight to his dear Ursla in passion he lies ;  
 Then leaning his elbow on Ursla's broad back,  
 Complain'd that his heart was ready to crack.

Ursla being vex'd at the weight of her love,  
 Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treacherous prove ?  
 In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,  
 And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the lout.

Roger b'ing angry at such an affront,  
 And not at all minding of what might come on't,  
 He gave her a kick, with such wond'rous Mettle,  
 As tumbld poor Ursla quite over the Kettle.

This noise and rumbling set Gaffer awaking,  
 And fearing, lest thieves had been stealing his bacon,  
 With a pur down the stairs, in a trice he came stumbling,  
 Where he found Roger gaping, while Ursla lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a whore ;  
 So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door,  
 Not minding the rain, nor the cold windy weather,  
 To finish their loves in a hog-stye together.

## S O N G C VII.

**G**AY Bacchus, liking Illecount's wine,  
 A noble meal besseke;  
 And for the guests that were to dine,  
 Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,  
 And Joke near Comus plac'd;  
 Thus wine makes love forget its care,  
 And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please each sprightly god,  
 Each sweet engaging grace,  
 Put on some cloaths to come abroad,  
 And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glass,  
 A lady of the Sky,  
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the last,  
 And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus to'd his blimmer o'er,  
 And always got the most;  
 For Joke took care to fill him more,  
 Where'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd and drank at ev'ry touch,  
 Then fill'd and drank again;  
 And if the gods can take too much,  
 'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests ran all the table round,  
 And with the wine conspire,  
 (While they by fly reflection wound)  
 To set their head on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid flung,  
 By reck'ning his deccits;  
 And Cupid mock'd his blamming tongue,  
 With all his ragging gaits.

Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy ways,  
 And tal'd without a jest;  
 While Comus call'd his witty plays,  
 But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,  
 And had I Homer's pen,  
 I'd sing you how they drank like gods,  
 And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the graces fly,  
 Who make them soon agree;  
 And had the furies selves been nigh,  
 They still were three to three.  
 Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
 And gave him back his bow;  
 But kept some dart to fill the cup,  
 Where Sack and Sugar flow.  
 Joke, taking Comus's rosy crown,  
 In triumph wore the prize;  
 And thrice in mirth he pull'd him down,  
 As thrice he strove to rise.  
 Then Cupid sought the Myrtle Grove,  
 Where Venus did recline,  
 And Beauty, close embracing Love,  
 They join'd to rail at wine.  
 And Comus loudly cursing wit,  
 Roll'd off to some retreat,  
 Where boon companions gravely sit,  
 In fat unwieldy state.  
 Bacchus and Joke, who stay'd behind,  
 For one fresh glass prepare:  
 They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
 And vow to be sincere.  
 But part in time, whoever hear,  
 This our instructive song;  
 For tho' such friendships may be dear,  
 They can't continue long.

## S O N G C V I I I.

**G** EN'rous wine, and a friend in whom I can confide,  
 And a cleanly bright girl I wou'd have for my bride:  
 I'll keep a brace of geldings,  
 An easy pad to please my spouse;  
 Kind fate, what more I ask,  
 Ne'er to want my dear flask,  
 And in friendly bumpers ever briskly carouse.

## S O N G C I X.

**G** IVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,  
 I'll tell you what 'tis to be gay;  
 I'll not care a fig for a lads, boys,  
 Nor love my brisk youth away:

Give me but an honest fellow,  
That's pleasanter when he is mellow,  
We'll live twenty-four Hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,  
But 'tis wine that makes us free ;  
'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,  
But Wine makes us doubly see.  
The female is true to no man,  
Deceit is inherent in woman,  
But none in a brimmer can be.

## S O N G CX.

**G**reat Jove once made love like a bull, a bull,  
With Leda a swan was in vogue ;  
And to persevere in that rule, that Rule,  
He now does descend like a dog :  
For when I to Cælia would speak,  
And on her breast sigh what I mean,  
My heart-strings are ready to break ;  
For there I find Monsieur le Chien, le Chien,  
Le Chien, Monsieur le Chien.

For knowledge of modish Intrigues,  
Or managing well an Amour,  
I defy any one with two legs,  
But here I am rival'd by four :  
Distracted all night with my wrongs,  
I cry ! cruel gods, what d'ye mean !  
That what to my merit belongs,  
Ye bestow upon Monsieur le Chien.

For feature, or niceness in dress,  
Compare with him surely I can ;  
Nor vainly myself should express,  
To say, I am much more a man ;  
To the government firm too as he,  
The former I cunningly mean ;  
And if he religious can be,  
I've as much sure as Monsieur le Chien.

But what need I publish my parts, my parts,  
Or idly my passion relate ;  
Since fancy, that captivates hearts,  
Resolves not to alter my fate :

I may

I may sing, caper, ogle, and speak,  
 And make a long court, aussi bien,  
 And yet with one passionate Lick,  
 I'm out-rival'd by Monsieur le Chien.

## S O N G CXI.

**H**E comes, he comes, the Hero comes!  
 Sound, sound the Trumpet, beat, beat the Drums;  
 From port to port, let Cannons roar,  
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your Songs prepare;  
 Loud, loudly render echoing air.  
 From Pole to pole your Joys resound,  
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

## S O N G CXII.

**H**ail, Burgundy, thou juice divine,  
 Inspirer of my song;  
 The praises giv'n to other wine,  
 To thee alone belong.

Of manly wit and female charms  
 Thou can'st the pow'r improve:  
 Care of its sting thy balm disarms,  
 Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent Vines,  
 From whence thy current streams,  
 Smiling amidst the tendrils shines,  
 And lavish darts his beams.

The pregnant Grapes receive his fire,  
 And all his pow'r retain;  
 With the same warmth our brains inspire,  
 And lead the sprightly strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's radiant eye,  
 New sparkling beams receives;  
 Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,  
 New fires her bosom heaves.

Summon'd to love, by thy alarms,  
 On! with what nervous heat,  
 Worthy the maid we fill her arms;  
 How oft that love repeat!

The stoic, prone to thought intense,  
 Thy softness can unbend;  
 A chearful gaiety dispense,  
 And make him taste a friend.

His brow grows clear, he feels content,  
 Forgets his pensive strife,  
 And well concludes our span well spent  
 In honest social life.

Ev'n fops—those doubtful gender things,  
 Wrapt up in selves and dress,  
 Quite lost to the delight that springs  
 From sense—thy pow'r confers.

Each foolish, puling, maudlin face,  
 That dares but deeply drink,  
 Forgets his cue, and stiff grimace,  
 Grows fier, and seems to think.

## S O N G CXIII.

**H**Ail Masonry, thou craft divine!  
**H** Glory of earth by heav'n reveal'd;  
 Which doth with Jewels precious shine,  
 From all but Masons eyes conceal'd,  
 Chor. Thy praises due who can rehearse,  
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,  
 A Mason other men excels;  
 For what's in knowledge choice and rare,  
 But in his breast securely dwells?  
 Chor. His silent breast, and faithful heart,  
 Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat, and piercing cold,  
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends:  
 From the assaults of warriors bold,  
 The Masons art mankind defends.  
 Chor. Be to this art due honour paid,  
 From which mankind receive such aid,

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,  
 Distinctions troublesome and vain!  
 By Masons true are laid aside,  
 Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.  
 Chor. Ennobled by the name they bear,  
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,  
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,  
 The lodge's lasting cement be,  
 Which has for ages firmly stood.  
 Chor. A lodge thus built, for ages past,  
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done,  
 To those who have enrich'd the art,  
 From Jabel down to Burlington,  
 And let each brother bear a part.  
 Chor. Let noble Masons healths go round,  
 Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

S O N G CXIV.

**H**ARK! the bonny Christ-Church Bells,  
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,  
 They sound so woundy great,  
 So wond'rous sweet,  
 And they troul so merrily, merrily.

Hark the first and second bell,  
 That every day at four and ten,  
 Cries come to pray'rs,  
 And the Virger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small Bell at nine,  
 To call the bearers home;  
 But the devil a man  
 Will leave his cann,  
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

S O N G CXV.

**H**Ark! hark! the Cock crows, 'tis day all abroad,  
 And looks like a jolly, fair morning:  
 Up Roger and James, and drive out your teams,  
 Up quickly to carry the corn in.

Davy the drowsy, and Barnaby Bowfy,  
 At breakfast we'll stout and we'll jeer, boys:  
 Sluggards shall chatter with Small-beer and water,  
 While you shall tope off the March-beer, boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give it o'er;  
 Mouth open the flies will be blowing:  
 To get us stout hum 'gainst Christmas does come,  
 Away where the Barley is mowing.

In your smock sleeves go bind up the sheaves too,  
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry,  
 And when the work's over, at night give each lover  
 A hug and a buss in the dairy.

There's two for the mow, and two for the plough,  
 'Tis then the next labour comes after ;  
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,  
 I'll send you my wife and my daughter.

Roger the lusty, tell Rachel the trusty,  
 The barn's a rare place to steal garters ;  
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the mowthen,  
 And take it at night for your quarters.

## S O N G CXVI.

**I** LIKE a match at cricket play,  
 I'm fond of good cock fighting,  
 I like to hunt so stout and gay,  
 Oh, that I take delight in ;  
 When on my mare, I chase a hare,  
 Tho' sure to run her down, fir,  
 The sport I'd quit, to court a bit,  
 With buxom big Bet Bouncer.

Tom Cogg the miller's great big son,  
 Who dresses fine on Sunday,  
 Tho' he a prize at cudgels won,  
 Upon the green last Monday,  
 I would not let him towzle Bet,  
 But fairly knock'd him down, fir,  
 All sport I'd quit to court a bit,  
 With buxom big Bet Bouncer.

Her hair's the colour of your hat,  
 Her eyes look gay and sprightly,  
 Her little fists are fine and fat,  
 She always dresses tightly,  
 Tho' cozen Con would have me on,  
 By jingo I renounce her,  
 When I'm of age, I will engage,  
 To marry big Bet Bouncer.

## S O N G CXVII.

## KITTY CROWDER.

**O**F all the girls that e'er were seen,  
 There's none like Kitty Crowder,

She's

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She's proudly call'd the regis queen,  
And sure none can be prouder ;  
Where many a nymph of high renown,  
Did ev'ry charm exhibit,  
To whom the beaux of many a town  
Did pay their silver tribute ;  
With ev'ry soft attracting grace  
The queen of love endow'd her,  
But Bacchus gave that burning face  
To charming Kitty Crowder.

To purchase her at any rate,  
I'd freely give a million,  
And to acquire my charming Kate  
I'd fire another Rillion ;  
Begone, fair maids, I hate the thoughts  
Of palely sipping creatures,  
I live but in the burning light,  
That shines in Kitty's features :  
Although, fair maids, my advice seems odd,  
Pray follow my direction,  
Obey the little jolly god,  
And drink for a complexion.

Let sipping mortals pinch and rub,  
To make them red and pretty,  
There's nothing like a hob or nob,  
So push the bottle, Kitty.  
In fairest skins some beauty's plac'd,  
Where Cupid lurks in dimples,  
Give me, ye gods, an honest face,  
Well fludded o'er with pimples ;  
'Tis lovely Kate my heart has won,  
Who toping never misses,  
But to her love comes staggering home,  
And hiccups when she kisses.

## S O N G CXVIII.

**A**SSIST me, ye lads, that have hearts free from guile,  
To sing forth the praises of Old Ireland's isle ;  
Where true Hospitality opens each door,  
And Friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Chorus. Keith mella saltar'uh one bottle more,  
Shaugh——Dr. Dorus——o'er and o'er.  
Tho' trade it be poor we have credit galore,  
And generous hearts to give one bottle more.

L

Oh,

Oh, *Dick Turpin*, your taunts on our country forbear,  
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere;  
 And if but one gallon remains in our store,  
 Our friends shall not part without one bottle more.

Chor. Keith mella saltaruth, &c.

At *Candy's*, in Church-street, could shew you a feat,  
 Where five of us Irishmen lately did meet;  
 At gallons a piece we all paid off our score,  
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Chor. Keith mella saltaruth, &c.

At five in the morning we strove for to part,  
 But Friendship did grapple each man by the heart,  
 Whose slightest touch makes an Irishman roar,  
 With a whack for Shcelelah and one dozen more.

Chor. Keith mella saltaruth, &c.

When Sol darts his beams thro' our windows so bright,  
 Well pleas'd to behold us lov'd children of night,  
 We part with our hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
 But long, soon again, to take one dozen more.

Chor. Keith mella saltaruth, &c.

#### S O N G CXIX.

**W**OULD you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls?  
 As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls.  
 The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the strong,  
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long;  
 We'll drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry desire;  
 Love only remains the unquenchable fire.

#### S O N G CXX.

**T**HE praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;  
 The jolly god in triumph comes,  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shews his honest face.  
 Now give the hautboys breath, he comes.  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain:  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure:  
 Sweet is the pleasure after pain.  
 Chorus. Bacchus' blessings, &c.

S O N G

## S O N G CXXI.

**Y**E good fellows all,

Who love to be told where there's claret good store,  
Attend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened,  
But greatly delighted with six bottles more :

Be sure you don't pass the good house money-glass,  
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,  
'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what would you  
more,

Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones :

Ye lovers who pine

For ladies, who oft prove as cruel as fair,

Who whisper and whine for lilies and roses,  
With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear,

Come hither, I'll shew ye, how Pains and Cures  
No more shall occasion men fights and fusts grows :

For what mortal so stupid, as not to quit Cupid,  
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones,

Ye poets who write,

And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's creek,

Though all you get by't is a dinner - fit-time,

In reward for your rhymes, with Humphry the duke ;

Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,  
Forfake all the muses, those senseless old drones ;

Our jingling of glasses, your rhyming surplices,  
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,

With plenty of oaths, though not plenty of coin,

Who make such a rout of all your commanders,

Who serv'd us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,

Come leave off your rattling, of fighting and battling,

And own you'd much better to sleep with whole bones ;

Were you sent to Gibraltar, your note would soon alter,

And with for good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,

Who mystries profound can demonstrate so clear,

How worthy to rise, you preach once a week,

But your tythes never seek above once in a year :

Come here without failing, and leave off your railing ;

'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;

Says the text so divine, what is life without wive ?

Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,

Be the cause what it will, you so learnedly plead,  
How worthy of trust, you know black from white,  
Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to be feed,  
Leave mutty reports, and forsake the king's courts  
Where duinels and diskord have set up their thrones,  
Burn Salkeld and Ventris, with all your damn'd entries,  
And away with the claret, a bumper, 'Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,

Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,  
When e'er you prescribe, have at your devotion  
Pills, bolus, or potion, be what will the case:  
Pray where is the need, to purge, bitter, and bleed,  
When ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,  
That the forms of old Galen are not so prevailing,  
As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'Squire Jones,

Ye fox-hunters, eke,

That follow the call of the horn and the hound,  
Who your ladies forsake before they're awake,  
To beat up the breake where the vermin is found,  
Leave Piper and Blueman, thrill Dutchets and Trueman;  
No music is found in such dissonant tones:  
Wou'd you ravish your ears, with the songs of the spheres,  
Hark! away to the claret and bumpers, 'Squire Jones.

### S O N G CXXII.

**W**HEN Britain first at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angel sung this strain,  
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blasts that tear the skies,  
Serve but to root thy native oak.  
Rule, &c.

The

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame.  
 And work their woe, but thy renown.  
 Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with corn and wine,  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore include thine.  
 Rule, &c.

The muses, still with Freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule, &c.

## SONG CXXIII

## The SOLDIER'S MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,  
 The drums had beat a revelley,  
 And jolly foldiers on the ground,  
 In peaceful camps slept safe and sound:  
 Only one poor foldier, who,  
 Nought but love could e'er subdue,  
 Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,  
 There to vent his plaintive love.

Oh, women are delicate, dangerous things,  
 Their sweets, like the bee's, are mingled with stings,  
 They are not to be gained without care and cost,  
 They are hard to be won and are easily lost;  
 In seeking a fair one I found to my sinart,  
 I know not the way, but I lost my poor heart.

As on the ground he lay,  
 Minerva came that way,  
 In armour bright and gay,  
 And unto him did say,  
 Rise, foldier, rise:  
 Hark! the drums have beat to arms,  
 Hark! to the fond alarm,  
 Hang not beauty, mind your duty,  
 Think not of her charms.  
 Rise, foldier, rise,  
 I'll take you by the hand,  
 And lead you through the land,

And I'll give you the command  
Of a chosen band.

Rise, soldier, rise,  
Dont be stupid,  
Drive away Cupid,  
Follow Minerva's wife advice.

Soldier, go home, go home,  
Ne'er mind your mistress's scorn,  
Sight, sight her again, sight, sight her again,  
For slighted love should sight return.

The soldier thus rous'd from his amorous love,  
Hasted away to his duty,  
And swore to Minerva a terrible oath,  
He'd never think more of her beauty.  
Batchelors bluff, batchelors bluff,  
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Those that are single never wear horns,  
Those that live single are happy;  
Those that are married lye upon thorns,  
And always look ragged and shabby,  
Cuckolds, come dig, cuckolds, come dig,  
Round about, cuckolds, come dance to my jig.

Those that live single fear not a rout  
Nothing to them can be sweeter,  
They have no wife to whisper or pout,  
Saying how can you leave me, dear creature?  
Batchelors bluff, batchelors bluff,  
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Ye belles and beaux so smart and fair,  
Say were not soldiers form'd for love,  
I'm sure you'd find them all sincere,  
If you but kind and constant prove;  
But if you slight their passions still,  
And tyrannize o'er hearts so true,  
Depend upon it they'll rebel,  
And will not care a fig for you.

Oh, hold your foolish tongue,  
A little laughing Cupid said,  
Have you not heard it sung,  
That constancy will win a maid:  
Then what on earth or heav'n above  
Is equal to the joys of love?

Let Wisdom preach in schools,  
 What has she with love to do?  
 We go not by her rules,  
 Unbounded pleasures we pursue:  
 On rosy wings our fancy flies,  
 And ev'ry worldly care defies.

Let Mars in council boast  
 Of resolution, strength, and art,  
 Love comes without a post,  
 And steals away the soldier's heart;  
 Love breaks the bow, the sword, the spear,  
 And turns the angry face of war.

The greatest men alive,  
 By Cupid's bow have been o'ercome,  
 'Tis vain with love to strive,  
 Though arm'd with spear, or sword or gun;  
 Then ground your arms, sons of war,  
 There's no quarrelling with the fair.

## S O N G CXXIV.

*On making a memorable general peace, written by the Earl of C——; in the FABLE of which there is so interesting a MORAL, (exclusive of its striking drollery) that the public will be highly pleased with this, among the many other choice pieces of humour.——Tune: A begging we will go.*

**T**WO Welchmen, partners in a cow,  
 Resolv'd to sell her dear:  
 They laid their heads together how  
 To do't at Ludlow fair.  
*Fal de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,  
 de rol, de rol, de dol, dol da.*

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,  
 When on they drove the beast:  
 And having got about half way,  
 They laid them down to rest.

The cow, a creature of no breeding,  
 The place with grails being stor'd,  
 Fed by, and while she was a feeding,  
 Let call a mighty t—d.

ROGER, quoth HUGH, I'll tell thee what,  
 Two words and I have done:  
 If thou wilt fairly eat up that,  
 The cow is all thy own.

'Tis

'Tis done, quoth ROGER, 'tis agreed,  
 And to't he went apace;  
 He was so eager set, 'tis said,  
 That he forgot his grace.

He labour'd with his wooden spoon,  
 And up he slopp'd the stuit;  
 'Till by the time that half was done,  
 He felt he had enough.

He felt, but scorning to look back,  
 Would seem still to want more;  
 And then he made a fresh attack,  
 As vigorous as before.

But stopping short a-while, he cry'd,  
 How fares it, neighbour HUGH?  
 I hope by this thou'rt satisfy'd,  
 Who's matter of the cow.

Ay, ay, quoth HUGH, the devil choke thee,  
 For nothing else will do't;  
 I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,  
 Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth ROGER, that were fine,  
 Why what have I been doing!  
 Yet I will tell thee, friend of mine,  
 I will not seek thy ruin.

My heart now turns against such gains,  
 I know thou'rt piteous too;  
 Eat thou the half that still remains,  
 And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's blessing on thy heart, quoth HUGH,  
 That proffer none can gainstay,  
 With that he readily fell to,  
 And eat his share of tansey.

And now, quoth HUGH, there is no doubt  
 Of either side much winner;  
 So had we been, quoth HUGH, without  
 This d——n——d confounded dinner.

*The MORAL.*

Thus princes war with equal rage,  
 Through sacred thirst of power;  
 This gains a battle, that a siege,  
 So 'tis as 'twas before.

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S O N G CXXV.

**Y**OU've heard, no doubt, how all the globe  
Was soak'd of old with Noah's flood !  
See! here's a globe that holds a sea!  
A sea of liquor twice as good! Tol lol de rol.  
Had Noah's been a flood like this,  
And Anak's sons such souls as I,  
They'd drank the deluge as it rose,  
And left the ark, like Noah, dry. Tol lol de rol.

S O N G CXXVL

**W**ould you be a man in fashion?  
Would you lead a life divine?  
Take a little dram of passion, (a little dram of passion)  
In a lully dose of wine.  
If the nymph has no compassion,  
Vain it is to sigh and groan:  
Love was but put in for fashion,  
Wine will do the work alone.

S O N G CXXVII.

**W**ITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,  
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,  
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,  
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.  
I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,  
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;  
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,  
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.  
Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,  
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;  
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise;  
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

S O N G CXXVIII.

**W**INE does wonders ev'ry day,  
Makes the heavy light and gay;  
Throws off all their melancholy;  
Makes the wildest go astray,  
And the busy toy and play,  
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,  
Men in years forget they're old;  
Women leave their coy dildaining,  
Who till then were shy and cold;  
Makes a niggard slight his gold,  
And the forrish entertaining.

## S O N G CXXIX.

**W**INE's a mistress gay and easy,  
Ever free to give delight;  
Let what may perplex and tease ye,  
'Tis the bottle lets all right.  
Who would leave a lasting treasure,  
To embrace a childish pleasure,  
Which soon as tasted takes its flight?  
Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,  
Rouse your hearts, ere 'tis too late;  
Fill the goblet, never spare it,  
That's your armour 'gainst all fate.

## S O N G CXXX.

**I**F any so wise is,  
That sack he despises,  
Let him drink his small beer, and be sober;  
Whilst we drink wine, and sing  
As if it were spring,  
He shall droop like the trees in October.  
But be sure, over night,  
If this dog do you bite,  
You take it henceforth for a warning,  
Soon as out of your bed,  
To settle your head,  
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.  
And be not so silly  
To follow old Lally;  
For there's nothing but wine that can tuse us;  
Let his *ne effuecas*  
Be put in his cap-case,  
And sing *bibito vinum juvenis*.

## S O N G CXXXI.

**I**F wine and musick have the pow'r  
 To ease the sickness of the soul,  
 Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,  
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.  
 Let them their friendly aid employ,  
 To make my Chice's absence light,  
 And seek for pleasures to destroy  
 The sorrows of this live-long night.  
 But she to-morrow will return ;  
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great,  
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,  
 And meet the fav'rite nymph in state.  
 Kind Goddess, to no other pow'r's  
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;  
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,  
 And all the day be thine alone.

## S O N G CXXXII.

**I**F Phillis denies me relief,  
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine ;  
 Though she laughs at my amorous grief,  
 At my mirth why should she repine ?  
 The sparkling champaign shall remove  
 All the grief my dull soul has in store,  
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,  
 By drinking what can I do more ?  
 Would Phillis but pity my pain,  
 Or my amorous vows would approve,  
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,  
 And be drunk with nothing but love.

## S O N G CXXXIII.

**M**Ortals, wisely learn to measure  
 Time by the extent of joy :  
 Life's a short and fleeting pleasure,  
 Then be gay,  
 Whilst you may,  
 And your hours in mirth employ.  
 Never let a mistress pain you,  
 Though she meets you with a frow ;

Fly to wine 'twill soon unchain you,  
     Chear thy heart,  
     And all smart,  
 In a sweet oblivion drown.  
  
 If love's fiercer flames should seize you,  
     To some gentler maid repair,  
 She'll with soft endearments ease you ;  
     On her breast,  
     Lull'd to rest,  
 Eas'd of love, and freed from care.  
  
 Friendship, Love, and Wine united,  
     From all ills defend the mind,  
 By them guarded and delighted ;  
     Happy state,  
     Smile at fate,  
 And leave sorrow to the wind.

## S O N G CXXXIV.

**T**O the God of Wine  
     My song and my design  
 With a grateful spirit will I raise,  
     'Tis my heart's delight  
     To give him ev'ry night,  
 And to carrol merrily his praise.  
  
     Monarch Bacchus, gay and young ;  
     Free to save us,  
     And relieve us,  
 When the world goes wrong.  
     Sound his name,  
     Raise it high,  
     Sing his fame  
     To the sky,  
 Till the wide world join in our song.  
  
     Shou'd a mortal dare  
     His merry subjects sneer,  
 Let him dread the fate decreed.  
     A new law well weigh'd  
     The drinking court has made,  
 And to justice thus they'll proceed.  
  
     Set the rebel to the bar,  
     That the traitor,  
     Bound in fetter,  
 May his sentence hear.

Let

Let the rogue,  
 In a string,  
 Like a dog,  
 Take a swing,  
 Or be drown'd in rot-gut small-beer.

## S O N G CXXXV.

## W I N T E R.

**W**HEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,  
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;  
 When all Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the rivers are bound by the frost:  
 When the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,  
 As bleak the winds northerly blow,  
 And the innocent flocks run away to their fold,  
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
 And they send forth their breath with a steam;  
 When the neat looking dairy-maid finds the milk thaw,  
 Flakes of ice she beholds in her cream:  
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,  
 Oft falls as she carelessly slides,  
 And the rustic laughs loud at her tripping she shews  
 Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses in company join'd,  
 With raptures on each other gaze,  
 Talk of witches and fairies that ride on the wind,  
 And of ghosts 'till they're all in amaze:  
 When the birds to the barn door come hovering for food,  
 Or silently sit on the spray,  
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,  
 Lest her footsteps her courser should betray.

Heav'n grant in that season it may be my lot,  
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,  
 When the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,  
 We may thither in safety retire,  
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from alarms,  
 We may live and each other enjoy,  
 With pleasure reflect on those long envy'd charms,  
 Which possession never could enjoy.

## S O N G CXXXVI.

**G**AY Damon long flung'd my heart to obtain,  
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;  
 M 14

I'd hear his soft tale then declare 'twas amiss,  
And would often say no when I thought to say yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,  
And brought me two lambskins to witness his flame;  
Oh take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than the fleece,  
I could hardly say no, tho' ashamed to say yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,  
He press'd my hand hard and in sighs breath'd his love;  
Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss,  
I design'd to've said no, but mistook and said yes.

At this, with delight, his heart jump'd in his breast,  
Ye gods! he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest;  
Come let's to the church and share conjugal bliss,  
To prevent being seiz'd I was forc'd to say yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,  
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife,  
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,  
Ye must all die old maids if ye will not say yes.

#### S O N G CXXXVII.

**L**ET school-masters puzzle their brain,  
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;  
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,  
Gives *genius* a better discerning.  
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,  
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygian;  
Their Quis, and their Quæ, and their Queds,  
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,  
A preaching that drinking is sinful,  
I'll wager the rascal a crown,  
They always preach best with a skinful;  
But when you come down with your pence,  
For a slice of their scurvy religion,  
I'll leave it to all men of sense,  
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about  
And let us be merry and clever,  
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,  
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

Let

Let some cry up woodcock & hare,  
Your mallards, your ducks, and your widgeons;  
But all the fine birds in the air,  
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.  
Toroddie, toroddie, toroll.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

**C**OLD women we are,  
And as wife in the chair,  
And as fit for the quorum as men,  
We can scold on the bench,  
And examine a wench,  
And like them, and like them, and like them, can be wrong  
now and then, and like them, can be wrong now and then.  
**CHOR.** For look the world thro' and you'll find nine in  
ten, old women can do, old women can do, old women  
can do, as much as old men.

We can hear a sad case,  
With a no meaning face,  
And though shallow yet seem to be deep;  
Leave all to the clerk,  
And when matters grow dark,  
Their worships had better go sleep-  
For look, &c.

When our wisdom is ask'd,  
And hard questions are ask'd,  
We answer them best with a snore;  
We can mump a tit bit,  
And can joke without wit,  
Pray what can their worships do more?  
For look, &c.

S O N G CXXXIX.

**A**S gilded serpents seek the sun,  
In filthy mazes subt'ly turning,  
The ambitious thus glare creeping on;  
May I be Rill such splendor scorning.  
**CHOR.** Oh my bonny, bonny Bacchus,  
My rosy, vintage-blessing Bacchus,  
Without deceit,  
By thee we're great,  
For only thou canst greatly make us.

As moles for worms (tho' purblind) try,  
Burying themselves in dirt rais'd lumber,

'Mist' useless schemes, this school men say,  
 Let no such search my thoughts encumber.  
 Oh my bonny, &c.

The jys here, horn, and hound can yield,  
 The rustic liquor thanks delighting.  
 The downy quits for dewy and field,  
 But a bottle's chafe sure's more inviting.  
 Oh my bonny, &c.

The sailors dreadful dangers court,  
 And fortune through the seas pursuing;  
 We too all gain the waked-for port,  
 If quick we keep the bottle going.  
 Oh my bonny, &c.

Pale, love-sick fools, mop'd by despair,  
 Who whimper 'midst coquettish laisces,  
 And quit their bottle for the fair,  
 Are stupid water-drinking asses.  
 Oh my bonny, &c.

No longer, lovers, lonely pine,  
 Henceforth be better taught your duties,  
 Leave ladies in their turns to whine,  
 And let brisk bumpers be your beauties.  
 Oh my bonny, &c.

## S O N G CXL.

**Y**E sons of the platter, give ear,  
*Enter waiter here*, they say,  
 The praise of good eating to hear,  
 You'll never be out of the way,  
 But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen;  
 Stand ready to cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

The science of eating is old,  
 Its antiquity no man can doubt:  
 Tho' Adam was squeamish we're told,  
 Ever found round a dainty bit out.  
 Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
 Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

Thro' the world from the West to the east,  
 Whether city, or country, or court,  
 There's none, whether freeman or priest,  
 But with pleasure contitles the sport;  
 When with knives sharp as razors and stomachs as keen,  
 Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At

At London, the chief magistrate,  
From a sermon at holy St. Paul's,  
Strait rides in a great coach of state,  
To a dinner at Fishmongers' Hall.  
Where with knife sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean.

There come Aldermen wrapt in injury,  
And sword-bearing too at that call;  
Or how were he able to bear  
The sword, and the fishband, and all?  
There with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

Common-council, and Liberty-men,  
The rulers of every street,  
Thither go to cut and come again;  
They, like magistrates, live but to eat,  
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At the sound of the great college bell,  
On a gawdy the doctors decend,  
With a grace all in Latin to tell,  
The founder to eating a friend.  
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At the horn's most untuneable notes,  
The judges repeat their maw,  
And with rapping-buckled on their throats,  
Shew good eating's according to law.  
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

At the knock at the battery hatch,  
The rosy child of pain comes down;  
And my lord himself makes such dispatch,  
That he gouts at that hour of merriment.  
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
Their passage they cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

Neither horns, neither knickers, nor bells,  
Hath the ploughman to give him his ease;  
His stomach has inner time tells,  
And he whets his cate-billie on his floor;  
Then with edge sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean.

The 'squire makes the chase all his care,  
O'er hills and thro' valleys his course;

And after a whet of fresh air,  
 He as hungry returns as his horse;  
 Then with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,  
 His passage he cuts thro' fat and thro' lean.

Here the doctor, the lawyer, divine,  
 The courtier, the tradesman, all meet;  
 Their care and their toil is to dine;  
 ———'Tis all——to be able to eat.  
 Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
 Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

A feast is an emblem of life,  
 Where no longer we taste but we're gone;  
 Few can say I have play'd a good knife,  
 Few or none, life's so short, few or none.  
 Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,  
 Our passage let's cut thro' fat and thro' lean.

## S O N G CXLII.

**I**N the fields in frosts and snows,  
 Watching late and early,  
 There I kept my father's cows,  
 There I milk'd 'em fairly:  
 Booming here, booming there,  
 Here a boo, there a boo, every where a boo.  
 We defy all care and trouble,  
 In a charming country life.  
 Then at home amongst the fowls,  
 Watching late and early,  
 There I tend my father's owls,  
 There I feed 'em early:  
 Whooping here, whooping there,  
 Here a whoo, there a whoo, every where a whoo.  
 We defy all care, &c.

When the summer flocks heap,  
 Watching late and early;  
 Then I shear my father's sheep,  
 Then I keep them early:  
 Baaing here, baaing there,  
 Here a bae, there a bae, every where a bae.  
 We defy all care, &c.

In the morning, ere 'twas light,  
 In the morning early;  
 There I met with my delight,  
 Oh, he lov'd me dearly.

Wooing

Wooing here, wooing there,  
Here a woo, there a woo, every where a woo.  
Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morn, at six o'clock,  
In the morning early,  
There I fed our Turkey-cock  
There I fed him early :  
Cou, cou, cou, gobble, gobble, gobble ;  
Here a cou, there a cou, every where a cou.  
Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morning, near the fence,  
In the morning early,  
There I feed my father's hens,  
There I feed them early :  
Cackle here, cackle there,  
Here a cackle, there a cackle, every where a cackle.  
Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morning with good speed,  
In the morning early,  
I, my father's ducks do feed,  
There I feed them early :  
Quacking here, quacking there,  
Here a quack, there a quack, every where a quack.  
Oh, how free from care, &c.

In the morning fair and fine,  
In the morning early,  
There I tend my father's swine,  
There I feed them early :  
Grunting here, grunting there,  
Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt.  
Oh, how free from care and strife  
Is a pleasant country life.

S O N G CXLII.

I'LL sing you a song that was never in print,  
'Tis newly and truly come out of the mint,  
And I'll tell you before hand, you'd find nothing in't  
Tol, dol, &c.

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,  
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I fight,  
And I don't care a pin if I get nothing by't.  
Tol, dol, &c.

Fire, air, earth and water, birds, beasts, fish, and men,  
Did start out of nothing, a chaos, a den,

And

And all things must turn to nothing again.

Tol, dol, &c.

The lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,  
And hopes to obtain her by fighting and soothing,  
Most frequently makes much ado about nothing.

Tol, dol, &c.

But soon as his patience and purse are decay'd,  
He may to the arms of a whore be betray'd,  
For one that has no *thing* must needs be a maid.

Tol, dol, &c.

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times hit,  
As when fools amongst wise men do silently sit;  
The fool that says nothing may pass for a wit.

Tol, dol, &c.

When first by the ears we together did fall,  
Then something got nothing, and nothing got all,  
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall,

Tol, dol, &c.

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,  
And says, that on nothing I nothing have writ,  
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Tol, dol, &c.

But let his discretion be ever so tall,  
This very word Nothing may give him a fall,  
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Tol, dol, &c.

So let every man give the poet his due,  
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,  
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.

Tol, dol, &c.

This very word nothing, if taken the right way,  
May be of advantage, what will you say,  
When the landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?

Tol, dol, &c.

#### S O N G CXLIII.

**D**EAR heart what a terrible life am I led,  
A dog has a better than's shelter'd and fed:  
Night and day 'tis of fame,  
My pain is here game;  
Me with to delord me ~~was~~ dead.

What

What e'er's to be done,  
 Poor black must run,  
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,  
 Mungo e'ry where;  
 Above and below,  
 Sirrah come, sirrah go,  
 Do so, and do so.  
 Oh! Oh!  
 Me with to de lord me was dead.

## S O N G CXLI.

**Y**OUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,  
 Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump;  
 He begg'd for admittance, she answered him no,  
 Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.  
 My Dolly, my dear, your true love is here,  
 Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.  
 No, no, Roger, no, as you came you may go.  
 Stumpaty, slumpaty, slump.  
 Oh! what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,  
 Humpaty, &c.  
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd.  
 Trumpaty, &c.  
 Some rival more dear, I guess has been here,  
 Crumpaty, &c.  
 Suppose there's been two, pray what's that to you?  
 Numpaty, &c.  
 Oh! then with a sigh, his sad farewell he took,  
 Humpaty, &c.  
 And all in despair he leap'd into the brook,  
 Plumpaty, &c.  
 His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,  
 Mumpaty, &c.  
 He swam to the shore, and saw Dolly no more.  
 Dumpaty, &c.  
 Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,  
 Numpaty, &c.  
 Whilst he, like a madman, ran over the plain,  
 Stumpaty, &c.  
 Determin'd to find a dancier more kind,  
 Plumpaty, &c.  
 While Dolly's afraid, she must die an old maid.  
 Mumpaty, &c.

## S O N G CXLV.

**I**F in courts your suit depend,  
 O, a bribe if you entertain;  
 Before you make the judge your friend  
 By a tip behind the curtain;  
 Then decree goes  
 Gibb against your foes,  
 Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.

## S O N G CXLVI.

**N**OW we are all met together,  
 Like birds of one feather,  
 Let us drink and be harmlessly merry;  
 Tho' fortune may frown,  
 Her malice we'll drown,  
 In a flood of neat port or bright sherry.  
 Come bring a fresh flask,  
 And broach every cask;  
 We had better be prudently mad,  
 With enlivening good liquor,  
 (I'll appeal to the vicar)  
 Than, ass-like, be stupidly sad.

'Tis wise to be gay,  
 And enjoy thee to-day,  
 Without too fond care for to-morrow;  
 For howe'er we may fret,  
 Not one doit of our debt,  
 Can be paid by whole years of dull sorrow.

## S O N G CXLVII.

**O** Steer her up, and had her gawn,  
 Her mother's at the mill, Jo;  
 But gin she winna take a man,  
 E'en let her take her will, Jo.  
 Prithee lad leave silly thinking,  
 Cast thy cares of love away:  
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,  
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret;  
 How invitingly it looks!  
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't;  
 Pox on fighting, trade and books:

Let's

Let's have pleasure while we're able,  
 Bring us in the meikle bowl;  
 Plac't on th' middle of the table,  
 And let wind and weather growl.

Call the drawer let him fill it  
 For as ever it can hold:  
 O tak tent ye dinna spoil it;  
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.  
 By you've drank a dozen bumpers,  
 Bacchus will begin to prove,  
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,  
 Drinking better is than love.

## S O N G CXLVIII.

**W**HEN Bacchus the patron of love, wit, and mirth,  
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,  
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,  
 Some, drunk with his bounties, deny'd to obey:  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

He harnes'd his tygers, he marshal'd his force,  
 Silenus was futtler, lord Pan led the horde,  
 The Ganges they paid, came in fight of the foe,  
 And struck them all dead, without striking a blow.  
 Derry down, &c.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a fright,  
 For he slily stole into their camp over night;  
 And, while they lay sleeping, not dreaming of such matter,  
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with water.  
 Derry down, &c.

Next morn, when they woke, and their bottles pull'd out,  
 The first grip they took put them all to the rout;  
 They tumbled down, down to in arid mechanic,  
 From whence came the phant, to put men in a panic.  
 Derry down, &c.

Ye heroes of Europe, whole martial parade  
 Attends the foot-steps of the dais'd scepter maid,  
 We'd judge of this strife and combatful declare  
 Could you, with the mere water, make us a less to war?  
 Derry down, &c.

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,  
 As much by his drinking as fighting got fame;

He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,  
 Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.  
 Derry down, &c.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,  
 Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate house slaughter;  
 Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropp'd their  
 design,  
 And no more spilt his blood than we bucks spill our wine.  
 Derry down, &c.

'Tis by maxims more nob'le we nourish our youth,  
 Kept constant to claret they're constant to truth.  
 On the virtues of wine you may safely depend,  
 He who sticks to his bottle will stick to his friend.  
 Derry down, &c.

'Tis wine, like the sun, that invig'rates our hours,  
 Wine bloom our complexion as Sol blooms the flowers;  
 And, as birds grateful sing when he spreads his bright  
 rays,  
 So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright claret's praise.  
 Derry down, &c.

Mark each rose, when the sun from the horizon's fled,  
 Shut his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his head;  
 When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will be-  
 come,  
 Fold his arms, give a sigh, hide his head, and skulk  
 home.  
 Derry down, &c.

END OF THE DRINKING SONGS.

TOASTS

# TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, & HOB NOBS.

**M**AY our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

All the joys of Love and Wine.

Universal Benevolence.

The Sigh without sorrow.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

May the passions of women be stronger than the prejudice of education.

May our joy and vigour be united, and both be extensive.

May our joys with the rain, give pleasure to the heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

May the repletion of our joys be equal to the first attack.

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of trade.

May contentment be the fate of such among us as shut in foreign  
sillery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of  
Ireland.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

Lib, Love, and Liberty.

The honest patriot, and unbounded fishman.

More power to our friends, and more shame to our enemies.

May we never want resolution to defend our independency  
against the powerful attack of universal taxation.

May the evening of our lives be the morning of affection.

May our eyes be always sincerely opened, what they have  
wisely received.

Unity, Liberty, and Fidelity among the sons of Ireland.

Good-luck till we are tired of it.

Cobweb breeches; a porcupine saddle; a hard trotting horse;  
and a long journey to the enemies of the land.

May the wing of extravagance be clipped by the thorns of econ-  
omy.

Long coats and short shoes to the enemies of Ireland.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May we be equally able to resist the assaults of prosperity and  
adversity.

That virtue may always be amply rewarded.

That candour and honesty may always be our governing prin-  
ciples.

May our confidence be sound, tho' our fortune be rotten.

N

May

May temptation never conquer virtue.  
 May virtue always prove victorious.  
 Decent œconomy.  
 Frugality without meanness.  
 May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.  
 May power be influenced by justice only.  
 May we never taste the apples of affliction.  
 May we be rich in friends rather than money. }  
 May we be loved by those whom we love.  
 May he who wants friendship also want friends.  
 May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.  
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to no-  
 thing but merit.  
 May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.  
 May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.  
 May those who inherit the title of gentleman by birth deserve  
 it by their behaviour.  
 May we never praise any man to undo him.  
 May we never wear a tradesman out of his due, or a credu-  
 lous girl out of her virtue.  
 May providence unite the hearts that love.  
 More industry and less vanity to the people of Ireland:  
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil.  
 Sweet Briars.  
 Treasure here, and happiness hereafter.  
 The losing gamblers.  
 The road to a chastening.  
 A game at All Fours and Whist afterwards.  
 The two Friends who weep at meeting.  
 The three W's—Women, Wit, and Wine.  
 Love in a cottage, and envy to none.  
 The Spring of love, and Harvest of enjoyment.  
 The Harvest of life; love, wit, and good claret.  
 Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.  
 May the single be married, and the married be happy.  
 More friends and no need of them.  
 May the man we trust be honest, and the land we live in  
 free.  
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.  
 May hemp bind him whom honour can't.  
 The two strangers at court. [honour and honesty.]  
 Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.  
 The agreeable rubs of life.  
 The land we live in.  
 Life to the man who has courage to lose it,  
 And wealth to him who has wit to use it.  
 Healths, hearts, homes, and inclinations.

}

Riches

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May all great men be good, and all good men be great.

The man who dares to be honest in the worst of times.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May our life, spent in acts of virtue, be finished by a death  
seasoned with tranquillity, and followed by a memory full of  
honour.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

The magical monosyllable.

A good wife and a great many of them.

May he that made the D — I take us all.

May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.

Success to the brave, and sight to the blind.

Success to our ejections in Love-izne.

Sun-shine and good humour all the world over.

Perpetual spring to friendship, youth and love.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

The key that lets the man in and the maid out.

The grave that buries the living, and calls up the dead.

May the standing man push his argument with vigour, and the  
falling woman succeed in her undertaking.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

The female arithmetician, who multiplies by subtraction.

The merriest thought we ever thought.

The cock in cover.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

The Naked Truth.

Cupid's spigot and fossit.

May we never want courage when put to a shift.

Love for love.

Love, fire, and frolick.

All we wish, and all we want.

Love and opportunity.

Success to our hopes and enjoyment to our wishes.

Love and friendship.

Health, love, and ready rhino.

To all the friends whom you and I know. }

May the honest heart never know distress.

May Reason be our pilot when Passion blows the gale.

Health to the sick; honour to the brave; }

Success to the lover; and freedom to the slave.

May the D — I cut the toes off our enemies, that we may  
know them by their limping.

May we never meet an old friend with a new face.

May we never lose a friend or make an enemy.

May the slaves at court be slaves in America.

An importation of our friends, duty free; and an exportation  
of our enemies without a draw-back.

The exports of Ireland; its enemies the first.

May we live, love, and be happy, and our enemies know it.

May we draw our curtain, and friendship our cork.

May the love we owe ourselves, never injure our neighbour.

May we live to die, and die to live.

May the best of our past days be the worst to come.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

The sportsman's wish. [A gun well charged, and game in  
view.]

Rough shamble and a merry pointer.

Pope's definition of wit. [Quick conception and easy deli-  
very.]

May poverty never oppress us, or riches make us proud.

May, who deceives his friend fall in the hands of his  
enemy.

May the enemies of Ireland never eat the bread thereof.

May good men be *compesed*, pretty girls *pressed*, and bad men  
*corrected*.

F I N I S.



